

**CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE**

DECEMBER 13, 1982

**\$1.25**

# The Hambleton Spy Web

## Accused spy Hugh Hambleton



Can you look this man straight in the eye  
and honestly say you deserve Crown Royal?



#### Running out of water

Experts fear that fresh water may soon become the planet's most treasured resource. Vast projects are being planned to move water to where it is needed. —Page 40



#### Haunted by the Holocaust

Meryl Streep's performance as a beautiful Polish immigrant in Sophie's Choice may rank among the greatest ever given by an actress on the screen. —Page 61

#### COVER

##### The Hambleton spy web

In rapid succession, the often confusing, sometimes contradictory but constantly surprising revelations from the spy trial of Canadian professor Hugh Hambleton in London's Old Bailey court last week fired Canada in the centre of an international espionage web. At the same time, they raised serious questions about national security and the RCMP. —Page 26

COVER ART BY STEPHEN SHAWGOLD



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#### Tough times in toyland

Struggling to get their products into Santa's bag, big makers are offering pricey once-in-a-lifetime toys and updated versions of past best sellers. —Page 49



#### Making a sad song better

Two years after the announcement of her husband, John Lennon, Yoko Ono is putting the pieces of her life back together and releasing a new album, It's Alright. —Page 9

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## What we are

Regarding your cover story *The Future of Canadian Culture* (Nov. 29) it is good to see our journalists giving expression to the country's problems relative to culture. We owe a debt to [Louis] Applebaum and [Jacques] Hébert for reminding us that our greatest need is not unity or structure but education and cultural growth of the basic elements in our society's life and development. We need more appreciation and encouragement for what we already are and have. We need something inherited, not imposed or forced by governments. Let us hope we are at last growing up as a people and a nation. —A.D. SCHMIDTKE, Port Credit, Ont.

I have only one comment to make regarding your article on the Appleton Report: if a symbol of Canadian culture is *Father Brown*, portrayed as his underwear and socks in our national magazine, then let's just let the report and go back to reading *Newsweek* and *Time*. —MICHELE DAVALL, Ottawa

## Television of the North

I was rather pained by your article *TV Lights on the North* (Media, Nov. 14), in which you state that the arrival of CBC-TV's *Focus North* series this fall the content originated by the Northern Television Service consisted of "public service announcements and 'soft documentaries,'" mostly borrowed from the National Film Board or purchased from other agencies. In fact, in 1983 the



Canada's great need: encouragement

Northern Television Service began producing a series entitled *Our Ways*, which focused on social and cultural issues of the North. Of the 22 programs in the series last year, all were northern-produced (about 80 per cent by CBC North and about 20 per cent by northern freelance film-makers). *Our Ways* and a number of CBC northern specials covered the Dene, Métis and Inuit. The series of Canada's several aboriginals as well as territorial elections, the N.W.T. plebiscite and the Arctic Winter Games. The series was emceed by native hosts who broadcast in English, Inuktitut and Inuktitut.

—ANITA FREEDMAN, Winnipeg

## A question of honoring

Regarding the *Passage* in your Nov. 22 issue on Michael Faraday being honored for his contributions to the Canadian public: what contribution? It seems that all one has to do to be made a Companion of the Royal Victorian Order is to be known the public service out of all proportion, thereby increasing an already transferable economic burden on the average Canadian taxpayer. Ridiculous! —KATY JOUD, Downs, B.C.

## No example to follow

In your article *The Return of the Strap* (Education, Nov. 26) you state, "In Calgary the only areas opposed [to the strap] is a contingent of 17 students and three teachers from the city's public Alternative High School." What happens? What about the 2,064 teachers who opposed the strap? I just wish to inform everyone that this teacher will never use the strap or be witness for anyone else using the strap. God grant that no other band will follow this example. —HAROLD PRITCHARD, Calgary

## PASSAGES

DEED: Mary Feldman, 48, the British comic genius with the wild, pepping eyes who became popular in North America in 1974 with his role as the hunchback, later, in Mel Brooks's *Young Frankenstein*, after suffering a massive heart attack on location in Kansas City. Feldman grew up in London's East End, leaving school at age 15 to form an ill-fated jazz group. In the early 1960s he went to work for BBC Radio as a comedy writer and then became chief writer for David Frost on BBC television's *The Frost Report* before moving to Hollywood.

DEED: Frances Shelley Wees, 80, the widely read mystery and romantic-adventure writer, after a stroke, at her home on Denman Island near Vancouver. Wees lived with her late husband, Wilfred Rank Wees, a former executive vice-president of Gage Publishing, in a country estate in Stauffer, Ont., for 30 years. She wrote many of her 27 novels in the 1930s and early 1940s. Just last year the couple moved to Denman Island to be near their children. Wilfred Wees died last May, at 82, of a heart attack.

DEED: Percy Williams, "The Canadian Comet," 74, the only Canadian ever to win both the 100-m and 200-m Olympic races, after suffering two recent strokes, at his home in Vancouver. A reluctant champion, Williams said that his victories in 1928 took the fun out of running. After his second Olympic win in 1932, he retired to become an insurance salesman.

DEED: Nathan Eldon Tanner, 84, a former Alberta cabinet minister and Ottawa man who was a senior official of the Mormon Church during its most rapid growth period, at cardiac arrest, at his home in Salt Lake City, Utah. As president of TransCanada Pipelines Ltd., Tanner oversaw the construction of a \$500-million pipeline from Edmonton to Montreal in the late 1950s. At the time of his death, he was first counsellor to Mormon Church leader Spencer Kibb, a position he held for nearly 20 years.

DEED: Robert Coote, 73, the veteran British actor who portrayed Gil Packer, the best friend of Rex Harrison's Henry Higgins, in *My Fair Lady* on Broadway in 1956, of a heart attack, in New York. Coe, the stage from 1952, Coote served as a union leader in the Royal Canadian Air Force from 1943 to 1946. After that he appeared in such Hollywood movies as *Farmer Andy* and *The Ghost and Mrs. Muir*.

## Absurd human rights

Regarding the article on Guatemala, *The Freeman de Castro* (World, Nov. 6) one has to wonder why the Reagan administration seem fit to "maintain that Guatemala is not a gross violator of human rights" when far more credible evidence than the Reagan regime's own self-assessment suggests the opposite. Perhaps the key lies in the U.S. definition of the adjective "gross." Amnesty International continues to report on large-scale killings and torturing of peasant farmers, especially vulnerable because of their isolation from such public watchdogs as the news media and civil rights organizations. Yet the Reagan administration seems able to unconsciously shut its eyes to the real existence of these atrocities. Is it possible that its self-proclaimed (and self-righteous) mission to stop the spread of Communism is seen as justification for renewing aid to a government whose human rights record has been, and continues to be, abysmal? Or are sensible interests at the root of the matter? Thank-you for continuing to bring such hypocritical affairs to the public's attention. —LATHLEIGH PRICE, Montreal

## Combating the effects of heroin

Your piece on the heroin flow from our source country [From a *Sonogiro's Paradise Comes Hell*, *Details*, Nov. 30] needs a follow-up on what the drug is doing to Canadians. The score estimates that more than 15,000 heroin addicts are now spending about \$5 billion yearly on their habit. The link between crime and heroin in Canada strongly indicates the need for a new national strategy against our heroin traffickers to include legislation authorizing the forfeiture of profits and property of traffickers and a first-class education program for parents, teachers and religious leaders to equip them to combat the drug culture. —DAVID EDGECOCK, St. John's, Newfoundland

## A lesson from Loughheed

In the United States the extent to which money was used to influence the mid-term election results (cf. *Vote of Congressional Support*, World, Nov. 15) has been described by observers as "bribe" and has demonstrated once again that you can buy people's votes with your money. Both the Republicans and the Democrats could take a lesson from our Mr. Loughheed. Through a careful exploitation of Alberta's so-called Heritage Fund, he has demonstrated that people's votes can be bought with their own money, especially if they live in Alberta.



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## Trying to make a sad song better

Two years after the announcement of her husband, John Lennon's, death, Yoko Ono has just released her new album. It's *Al-Right*. *Maclean's* correspondent Daniel Burstein talked with the 48-year-old Ono in her palatial quarters in New York City's venerable Dakota apartment, where the rooms are filled with touching photos and memorabilia of the happy times before Mark David Chapman's bullets felled Lennon just outside the entrance to the building. For the most part serene and composed, Ono talked about her seven-year-old son, Sean, and about her life and work since the tragedy of Dec. 8, 1980.

**Maclean's:** You have said that your new album is an emotional diary of what has happened to you in the two years since John was killed. But what exactly has happened to you? What is the emotional history of the past two years for you?

**Ono:** My last album, *Stand Out of Gloom*, was the opening of my heart. I wasn't trying to open my heart, but, with the shock of John's death, it just opened up. I have been through a lot since then. Part of me was always feeling as if I had to be strong for Sean's sake and my own sake, and that kept me going. But part of me was also asking, "What's the point of going on?" Then I began to think that this was getting out of hand and I really ought to try to collect myself. The best way was to go to the studio again and make music. Music itself has a very strong healing power. After John died I had these priorities: to make sure my business was all right, to make sure Sean was all right, and then to make a good album. In the hard times the music letters and telegrams that people from all over the world sent to Sean and me were actually helping as a lot. I couldn't reply to each letter as, in a way, I'm saying hello to all these people who love us.

Writing a John's death song have been particularly difficult for Sean. How have you explained it to him, and how has he dealt with it?

**Ono:** There was a period when I had to face this being saying to me, "Well, where's daddy?" It was very hard for me to cope with that. But we became buddies. I'm trying to make sure that Sean is all right, physically and mentally. I don't have any problems with him. On the contrary, he acts like he is responsible for caring for me and protecting me. This past year he kept saying to me "Look, mommy, you have to live. If

study was an adventure for him. It was almost like sleeping. He would just put some socks on the floor and go to sleep or sleep on the couch and then go to school the next day right from the studio. And he loved that idea.

**Maclean's:** What other activities are you involved with?

**Ono:** Well, there's the Strawberry Fields project [to build a memorial to John Lennon in New York City's Central

Park with trees donated by countries from all over the world]. There has been a tremendous response. The participating countries are all making, "When can we send our trees?" We have to go through a certain amount of red tape with New York City to have it approved. I thought I was going to have more difficulty getting the countries interested, but that was the fastest part. Even in countries behind the Iron Curtain, the youth is listening to Beatles and all the rest of the music. We had the unique position of communicating with all sides of life. So now we have the countries, we have the blueprint, and we are just working on getting the approval of the New York City department of sanitation. I hope that by next April it will all be done, and Strawberry Fields will be opened. The Canadian people have been very kind in supporting Strawberry Fields Canada. And special meaning for me and John. When you mention Canada, I get a very warm feeling because we did visit there, we did "bed-in" there, and we often talked about that. It was the start of our life together.

**Maclean's:** Do you feel personally safe in New York?

**Ono:** I don't think what happened to John was the fault of New York City, and, as I said at the time, John would not have thought so either. For as it was an exciting city to live in. We cherished the excitement, the excitement, the park. We loved every moment of it, and John was very happy here. Statistically, I understand that this is not the most crime-infested city. It's just widely pub-



Yoko at home, learning lives through flesh and blood

you go out, take a bodyguard with you. Never go out without a bodyguard." It would be so hard for him if anything happened to me. I will feel, also, that John, upstairs, and me, downstairs, are still partners. We're still working together. When I do things, I'm still very much aware that I'm carrying on what we intended to do together. Working on this album, I not only had John's presence but Sean with me as well. I told Sean, "You are welcome to come to the studio anytime." And—surprise, surprise—he was there all the time. The

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joined. Now, New York has a special meaning for me because that's where John and I spent our last years together, and we have so many happy memories—although there is the other memory too—but still, this is where we lived together.

**Maclean's:** A lot of people who gained popular attention and fame in the 1960s are having a hard time adjusting in the new realities in the 1980s. Did you seem to have made the transition. How have you done it?

**Qno:** Probably because I am a survivor. But, at the same time, looking back on

it, I think I was not that tactful in the late 1960s when John and I first got together. If I had been aware back then of tact and politics and all, I would have first tried to show the world that I could do something very commercial and then gradually began slipping in a few experimental things or advertisement ideas. But I didn't ease at all then. Of course, it's easy to say, in hindsight, that it would have been a better way to do things, but, had I gone about it that way, a lot of things that I think are very beautiful never would have existed. Besides, I probably could never have been



Sean: 'where's daddy?'

that tactful way. Now, of course, I don't want to do work anymore that people will look back on in 10 years and say, "Wow, that was 18 years ahead of its time." I now want to communicate in the present.

**Maclean's:** Given that we are heading into a more politicized period, with big issues such as nuclear war and economic depression beginning to galvanize people as voters reminiscent of the 1960s, do you not yourself see again entering a more politicized stance?

**Qno:** In the 1960s we waved flags about everything. Now it's a part of us—things like feminism—the feminists had to wave flags in the 1960s to dramatize the issue. But now no voices are really waving flags. Feminism is part of our lives so we don't have to talk about it so much. People ask me, "Are you still involved with politics?" as if politics were something separate from the rest of one's life. Would you ask anyone, "Do you also eat?" Politics is part of society, and we're part of the society, and so it's part of us. Of course, there has been a lot of sorrow for me in the past two years. But I came out of that period with a feeling that involves dreams and love for the future. That has a lot to do with society, but it's not waving flags.

**Maclean's:** What is your vision of yourself 10 years from now? What are your own ambitions?

**Qno:** I feel as if I'm right at the starting point of my life. I'm amazed at how much there is to learn. I'm hoping that, in the next 10 years, I won't have to learn so much through experience. Maybe I can learn through books instead and less with my flesh and blood. Even at the time John and I were, he said our relationship was bigger than both of us, and we could never understand all the reasons. I still feel that things that happen in my life are part of a

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large plan of some kind that I cannot overplay. I feel very humble about that. If this is a chess game, I can't read it. And like is coming from a woman who thinks the risk read most chess games.

**Maclean's:** How do you feel about all the looks, plays and television films that deal with John and you? You can't live in New York and avoid seeing the bookstore vendors, the restaurants and the ballrooms. What is your reaction to seeing your personal past treated so publicly?

**Ques:** That's another lesson I had to learn. There are many emotionally upsetting things that have happened since John's death. I thought, at first, that what had happened was so big that it would be the only thing I would have to cope with and recuperate from. But it wasn't like that. So many things happened after John's death that kept hurting me immensely. What could I do when people blackmailed me? One thing I decided very early was that I would not comply with blackmail. Then, I had



Canadian 'beat' in 1968: not complying with blackmail

to ask myself if I was going to let people who were saying things that weren't true about me. I decided no, I'm not going to put my energy into negative things. I'm not going to waste it. I just have to forget about it and use my energy to create something positive.

**Maclean's:** What has been the biggest thing you have found out about yourself?

in all the grief, retrospection and effort to start over again that have filled your life since John's death?

**Ques:** The past two years have been as if someone just suddenly threw me to the bottom of the water and I had to struggle back to the top just to breathe. I really don't know how I did it. I used all my force, I knew that. But I also got a lot of help from all over the world, from John, from John's memory. And Sean was always there with his big, beautiful, naïve eyes asking, "Are you going to be well right?" whenever I would fall down. I was in a position without precedent. It seems that all of us cope somehow when we have to.

My role is not exceptional in that sense. But I began to see the immense power, energy and possibilities that we have and still don't understand. The human race is still a mystery to us—if we used the full capacity of our brains, what could happen? In that sense, I'm looking forward to the next 100 years. ☐

## Pulp and Paper Reports: Net Contribution of Export Dollars



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## CITY SCENE

# A helping hand for an altered love life

The Metro Toronto Zoo has nine gorillas, and their keepers would be delighted to enlarge the tribe. But that is proving to be an extremely elusive goal. It has been more than two years since the births of Tabitha and Nooka, daughters of Josephine and Samanthia, respectively—a rare achievement for captive gorillas. Since then, however, the two males at the zoo, Charlie and Barney, have remained aloof from the females. Zoo officials cannot tell whether one fathered both youngsters or each sired one, but their immediate concern is to determine the reason for the gorillas' failure to mate again. There is also a possibility that one or both of the gorillas may have once become sterile, a phenomenon that has been detected in captive gorillas in other zoos around the world.

But sterility is just one of the problems confronting zoo officials. Overpopulation of animals not in great demand for breeding often forces zoo population-management experts to devise birth control methods. Still, whether the problem is the failure of valuable animals to mate or the overbreeding of some species, zoo officials may look to 1995, the Minnesota-based computerizing task, to solve these problems.

Named after the ancient Egyptian fertility goddess, the International Species Inventory System provides a link with 145 other zoos in North America. All 3,000 mammals and birds in the Metro Toronto Zoo are registered with



Ques, and the royalties will be listed next.

For less than \$170 per animal, ISS enables a zoo to register its population and have instant access to information on animals in other zoos. Founded in 1972 by zoo officials in Minnesota, ISS is run by a group representing zoo associations and veterinarians and it is supported by subscription fees and grants. "The idea behind ISS," says John Carroo, a curator and trainer whose special interest is population management at the Metro Toronto Zoo, "is that all the

Josephine with dry-old Tabitha (above), Metres' 2000 may be the gorilla's last hope



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# The new opening to Moscow

By John Hay

As a wistful non-blonded Moscow's narrow streets, the four Canadian diplomats took their seats at the table and found their Soviet hosts. When the ritual pleasantries were completed, the Canadians turned a stern caution: "This is not a return to business as usual," declared one of the delegates. Then, they got down to work. The meeting was the first high-level session between Canadian and Soviet officials since the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan three years ago. And, although Ottawa is not yet prepared to resume the polite negotiations of a decade ago, the Trudeau government is ready to properly take the first steps toward improving relations with Moscow in the post-Soviet era.

The obstacles to rapprochement are plenty enough. The Canadian delegation, led by de Maningue, Murdoch, a deputy minister of external affairs, and including Geoffrey Pearson, chief of the Soviet consulate in Afghanistan, Soviet-occupied material loss in Poland, Moscow's violation of human rights inside the Soviet Union and its arms buildup in Central Europe are standing blocks that, as a modest start toward non-hostilities, both sides agreed at the meeting last week, to exchange visits to see whether exchanges and friendly visits by state societies.

For their part, the Soviets indicated clearly that they would like to improve relations with Canada. Even Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko said in an on-the-discrepancy at one point. By all the standards of diplomacy, which are usually measured in microphones, that was a generous gesture to a delegation of mere officials. There was also approval given-and-take on such issues as arms control, a sign that the Soviets were not simply noise through the medium.

Although a private meeting for Canada, it was not the first of its kind among Western allies. Several NATO countries, and even delegations from



Trudeau welcomed to Moscow by Ambassador Pearson, Geoffrey Pearson.

the United States itself, have resumed various ties with the Soviets despite the Afghanistan and Polish crises. Now that Canada makes any pretence at playing an intermediary role in the restoration of discrete Canadian diplomats are sanctions asked by foreigners to analyze or interpret Washington's actions, but in East-West affairs the superpowers are well equipped and long accustomed to dealing with each other without conflict.

To Conservative Opposition critics, the Canadian visit to Moscow was at best, body Israel. But Peter Macdonald, external affairs minister in Joe Clark's cabinet, "The condition that triggered the sanctions have not changed." Soviet troops are still in Afghanistan, martial law prevails in Poland, and human rights still suffer inside the Soviet Union.

Whatever the merits of trading, the government's approach is based on the premise that the Soviet Union is a superpower with a superpower's interests and the capacity to defend them.

Moreover, unlike U.S. President Ronald Reagan, Ottawa does not think that the Soviet empire is approaching a collapse or that the West can help to induce its disintegration by applying economic pressure. In fact, Reagan was the only leader to expose the disintegration theory during a NATO closed-door meeting in Rome last June. Prime Minister Trudeau also agrees that, while the strategic conflict between the Soviet and NATO blocs is real enough, it should not prevent the development of other relationships. "The Soviet threat is a military one, not a cultural, not an ideological and certainly not an economic one," Trudeau told the NATO meeting.

Western officials now concede that the sanctions that NATO countries imposed in the aftermath of the Afghanistan and Polish uprisings were visible, potent symbols of dismay, but they had little real impact on the Soviet Union itself. In Canada's case, experts to the Soviets have actually increased every year since before the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan—largely because of a booming grain trade.

It was only by coincidence that the two-day NATO meeting (planned weeks in advance) started three days after Leonard Brezhnev's funeral, which brought Trudeau to Moscow for the first time since 1979. But the timing served to underscore how crucial the next several months could be in East-West relations—a period Canadian diplomats describe as delicate.

What worries Canadian officials is the belated tone of current East-West discourse. Says one diplomat:

"There is an increasing tendency to use the language of challenge and confrontation." Now, the time may be right, Canadians believe, to open a more civil dialogue.



Bowater's Corner Brook mill. Intermittent was added to the hurt.

## NEWFOUNDLAND

### The tide goes out on Corner Brook

For days Newfoundland's second-largest city, Corner Brook, had been a hotbed of ever-darkening rumors as residents exchanged unsettling speculation about the employment plans of the city's huge Bowater pulp and paper mill. Bowater Canada, a Bowater firm, for one, expected some temporary layoffs—"some down time." But just what reality dwarfed the most pessimistic expectations in a move that stunned the industry, and the city. Bowater announced that it will close completely the largest and most recent paper machine in its sprawling plant—throwing 146 employees out of work. The closure on April 2 will also strip 500 million from the \$40-million annual payroll of Bowater Newfoundland Ltd.

Bowater had other disconcerting revelations as well. Early next year, the company declared, it will shut down the entire plant at least eight weeks, leaving the remaining 1,800 workers temporarily jobless. Even Ottawa was surprised by the move because the federal government had recently guaranteed aid to the beleaguered company—which could amount to \$1 million. And Corner Brook Mayor George Hestings, shelling plans for a 1989 municipal tax increase, said he, too, was shocked by the shutdown. "We were told that [Bowater] was making money" and thriftings.

The layoffs are not as severe as those in Saultoy, Ont. (14,000 jobs) or in Hamilton, Ont. (6,500 jobs) workers by year-end in Vancouver City, B.C., where a whole town closed down. But Corner Brook (population 33,000) is the second and economic anchor of the

second-largest coast. It was a largely deserted region until the first paper mill was built in 1955, and, although a cement plant and a gypsum mill have been added since, Corner Brook sits in the high valley of the Bowater pulp mill. The first clear hint of Bowater's plans emerged when Progressive Leader Steve Neave challenged the government in the legislature to deny that Bowater had told Premier Brian Peckford more than a week before the announcement that the closure was imminent. Neave said the premier had behaved "some like a shark" by "running away" to Europe to defend the mill without disclosing the information about Bowater.

For his part, Bowater Newfoundland President, Wallace Clark explained that because the recession had closed advertising outlets in both Britain and the United States—where the Newfoundland mill sells most of its products—newspaper demand had also shrunk sharply. The final setback, said Public Relations Manager David Smallwood, was Bowater's recent deviation of the losses by 98 per cent, enabling the vigorous Swedish pulp and paper industry to make sharp inroads into the European market. As a result, Bowater Newfoundland's London parent had ordered Corner Brook to cut production. The combined losses of the No. 7 machine and the proposed eight-week shutdown will cut overall production by 40 per cent next year. "Even though it is a severe setback, it has always been a constant in our four older machines," said Smallwood. "So No. 7 had to go."

—BENJAMIN BYRNE in St. John's

### Olson's fast trip to the coast

Clifford Robert Olson got what he wanted last week after being jailed from his Kingston, Ont., jail cell back home to British Columbia, where he committed 11 murders in 1980 and 1981. Olson's secretive sojourn in an inner Twin Otter caused a public outcry in British Columbia, and, when the return flight east was grounded, he flew over by land through B.C. Attorney General Allan Williams was left awkwardly implying that the Olson shuttle had supposedly given police working on several other murders, but it is already clear that the visit was a success—only from Olson's national point of view.

Olson's five-day stay in the Lower Mainland, during which he allegedly watched the Grey Cup game, was a shorter version of what is now his long-term goal to engineer a transfer from Kingston, where he is serving a life sentence, to the Regional Psychiatric Centre for disturbed inmates in Abbotsford. It is a move well documented by copies letters Olson has written to reporters in Vancouver. The aim is to bring him closer to his wife, Joan, and infant son, who live in Vancouver.

During the trip he managed to visit his family. He also met with the freelance writer working on the authorized version of his life story and his former lawyer, Robert Skeris. Forensic psychiatrist Tony Marquis of the University of British Columbia was not surprised by Olson's return to the RCMP detachment cells in Surrey, he became familiar with the killer's ability to wash his people during the more than seven hours he spent interviewing him for defense lawyers before his trial last January. "Olson has the uncanny ability to use and entice people," said Marquis, who was also assisting in Olson's psychology, starting next spring. "He manages to corrupt everyone—right up to the highest levels of society. Remember, that is a man who has to move, who lives to travel."

In the same week that Olson returned to the scene of his crimes, seven of the victims' families filed a damage action aimed squarely at the \$50,000 Olson finally received in exchange for his help in leading police to his victims' bodies. These inmates are not in getting the money themselves but in sharing the family of their children's killer.

—MALCOLM GRAY in Vancouver

## Crackdown on public servants

Premier René Lévesque is determined to keep the Quebec government's deficit from nearing above the \$3-billion mark by nipping \$50 million in public sector wages paid out since July 1. And last week he issued an ultimatum: If 200,000 public and parapublic workers do not accept wage rollbacks and freeze for the first three months of this year, the government will automatically determine not only their salaries but also working conditions for the next two years. Then, he threw out money savers across the province into a tizzy by announcing that educational grants will be reduced. And he suggested that any financial shortfalls should be covered through cutting staff levels by the same government. The ultimatum for the government's direct employees.

The current problems had their origins in the run-up to the 1980 referendum on sovereignty-independence, when the Quebec government signed three-year meatcut contracts with its employees. But, by last summer, the provincial deficit was racing so quickly that the province asked union members to forgo a scheduled July 1 increment. When they refused, Lévesque vowed to get the money back when the contracts ran out at the end of the year. To that end, he introduced Bill 76, which rolls back wages for the first three months of 1983 and then freezes them.

Although the province softened its stand last week, freezing but not rolling back wages for those paid less than \$16,685 a year and freezing only to 20 per cent for those earning up to \$40,000, unions were still seething. That was because top-bracket, hourly wage rates will be cut back as if recipients worked a full year, whereas many (most of them women) are part-timers whose yearly incomes are well below the \$15,000 level.

While the unions seemed willing to avoid any drastic action for the time being, an ingenious work-to-rule campaign is scheduled to begin Jan. 1. In, among other places, the revenue department, where Quebec's provincial income tax is collected, a union memo urges employees to go by the rule book, checking every return most meticulously to "indicate to all taxpayers every possibility they have for saving money." The unionists hope to slow down the machinery and redistribute some of the cash the government wants to retrieve from their wages.

—ALAN BERNIE in Quebec City



Marshall leaving court; a witness ignored, another turned away

## NOVA SCOTIA

## The question of innocence

Donald Marshall's fight to prove his innocence has been a brutally daunting struggle. Convicted of murdering his friend 11 years ago, Marshall has broken both hands fighting off other inmates in federal penitentiaries while struggling to convince an unresponsive legal establishment that he was not guilty. Then, the system finally began to respond. And last week he won partial vindication when a Halifax court heard overwhelming testimony to his innocence. In a dramatic reversal, six witnesses changed their testimony, claiming that the Sydney, N.S., police forced them to incriminate Marshall at his 1971 trial. Further evidence clearly indicated that an innocent 16-year-old man with a passion for sharp knives was most likely the killer.

From the beginning, the handsome and reserved Marshall, a Micmac Indian from the Membertou reserve near Sydney, maintained that Sanford Seale, his 16-year-old black friend, was stabbed to death on the evening of May 28, 1971, by one of two older men whom they met on a Sydney sidewalk. Last week, for the first time in the legal record, an eyewitness backed him up. James McNell, 37, told a Nova Scotia Supreme Court appeal hearing that he and a companion, then 20-year-old Ray Sidney, had been accused that night by Seale and Marshall, who asked for money but were ignored. He heard Ray say, "I've got something for you," saw him stab Seale and in the stomach

and slash Marshall's arm before the youth could flee. Later, McNell and Sidney's 13-year-old daughter, Dana, watched Seale die the knife. A forensic expert told the hearing that one of Sidney's knives had fibres on it that matched the coat Seale and Marshall had worn that night.

Although their testimony would almost certainly have spared Marshall, neither McNell nor Dana Seale testified in 1971. A week after the conviction, a guilt-ridden McNell told the police what he had seen, but they ignored him. Dana Seale, who said that her childhood had been interrupted by a violent father who killed her pets and "beat up the household" when he was angry, also went to the police but was turned away. The police force's reputation was shaken further and the Crown's case weakened when last week two key witnesses from the 1971 trial retracted their original testimony. Both said that the police had intimidated them into lying to incriminate Marshall.

In the next two months the five Supreme Court justices who heard the new evidence will listen to whether legal arguments before deciding whether to order a new trial, grant an acquittal, or uphold the original verdict. For Marshall, the war is not over yet. Meanwhile, Sydney residents are questioning the integrity of the other external figures in the case: their own police.

—MICHAEL CUNNINGHAM in Sydney

## Was Leonard Peltier framed?

By Linda McQuay

The night before American Indian activist Leonard Peltier was extradited from Canada in 1976, a small group of native protesters held a two-day sit-in outside Oshawa Correctional Institute in Burnaby, B.C. The protesters were convinced that Peltier, who was being returned to the United States to face charges of murdering two FBI agents, would not get a fair trial in his home country. Still, the Canadian authorities extradited Peltier to South Dakota, where he was convicted of murder. Now, after serving five years of a double life sentence in an Illinois prison for Indians, Peltier's lawyers have uncovered new documents which they say indicate that the FBI deliberately presented false evidence and suppressed other evidence that would have helped establish Peltier's innocence. Further, the documents raise questions about the handling of Peltier's extradition from Canada.

The documents are contained in 12,000 pages of classified FBI material obtained through U.S. Freedom of Information laws which Peltier's lawyers are using to lay demands for a new trial. They say the FBI's desire to get Peltier extradited was best illustrated by one shifting statement in an FBI memo urging immigration to "develop information to lock Peltier into this case."

The killing of the two FBI agents took place during a shootout on June 26, 1975, at South Dakota's Pine Ridge Indian Reservation—the scene of a bitter showdown at Wounded Knee two years earlier between federal agents and members of the American Indian Movement. Afterward, Peltier fled to Canada but was arrested near Jasper, Alta., in February, 1976. His four-week extradition hearing in Vancouver aroused cheers and support among Canadian Indians. Peltier argued at the time that the FBI was trying to freeze Indian activists and intimidate witnesses to testify against him. His claims were later bolstered by a 1981 report of Amnesty International, which accused the FBI of fabricating evidence against Indian leaders.

Peltier's claim was little sympathy in the Canadian courts. The case against him appeared strong—the U.S. government was able to present the extradition hearing with two affidavits from an Indian woman named Myrtle Poor Bear who claimed that she saw Peltier, a girlfriend, and that she was only about the agents. Still, it was only

after the Canadian court ordered Peltier's extradition that one of his lawyers, Don Rosenblum, learned that the FBI was hiding an earlier affidavit by Poor Bear which stated that she was not on the reservation when the shooting occurred. Rosenblum appealed the extradition, but it was denied and Peltier was deported. Despite personal appeals, then Justice Minister Rae Stelfox



Peltier jailed in Illinois, from Toronto

signed Peltier's extradition order.

Still, the suppression of the first affidavit has left lingering questions about the handling of the extradition. Paul William Halpin, a respected Crown attorney employed by the Canadian justice department, who represented the United States at the extradition hearing, denies knowing anything about the first affidavit at the time. Halpin says that if he had known about it, he definitely would have introduced it as evi-

dence, even though "it wouldn't have done it [our case] any good." His position is confirmed, he says, by the results of an investigation by the U.S. government. But Halpin is not in an uncomfortable position by an FBI document obtained through the U.S. Freedom of Information Act which tries to shift blame onto Canadian officials. An internal FBI document reveals that "it was upon Halpin's recommendation that the concurrence of special prosecutors Oliver J. Holmes and Robert Simms that only Myrtle Poor Bear's second and third affidavits were used in the Peltier extradition. Then, when Poor Bear's first affidavit was introduced at Peltier's trial in the United States, she said that she had never met him, that all three affidavits were false, and that the FBI had coerced her into signing them. Her revelations prompted a U.S. judge in the case to criticize the FBI and the U.S. prosecutors for pursuing her to add to her statements in order to get Peltier extradited from Canada. But the trial judge refused to let the jury at Peltier's trial hear her evidence that the FBI had forced her to give evidence against him."

Peltier and his lawyers argue that the way the U.S. prosecution handled the Poor Bear affidavits was indicative of the way the entire case was handled and they insist that the recently obtained documents substantiate their contention. Perhaps the most crucial question raised by the documents concerns the suppression of ballistic evidence. At the trial the FBI experts testified that the gun reported to be Peltier's was too badly damaged to undergo the most decisive ballistic testing—a "firing pin" test. The experts added that a less conclusive test established a probable connection between the gun and a key bullet ranging fraud at the scene. The prosecution characterized that finding as "the most important piece of evidence in this case." But Peltier's lawyers say that the court was not told that the FBI lab had, in fact, carried out the firing pin test, which had, according to an FBI document, established that the bullet had been fired from Peltier's gun.

For his part, Assistant U.S. Attorney Lynn Crooks, who helped prosecute Peltier, denies that the new information is significant and he agrees that the defense is seeking a new trial largely on the same evidence. But Peltier has left little doubt that he will not accept the second new trial. Peltier's case shows how an extradition process allows foreign governments to utilize Canadian courts without adequate checks and balances. "There's a presumption that if [the foreign government's] act is a proper judicial act," says Halpin, "then it's a proper act in a trial, that presumption will come under tougher scrutiny in the future." □



Walens with the Pope; Urban (center) after martial law, in a state emergency period

## WORLD

# Relaxing the grip of steel

**A**ll the signs point to an imminent moderation of the severity of martial law in Poland. As the military authorities moved last week to release more prisoners rounded up when they took control last Dec. 13—some 200 detainees were freed on Monday and an unspecified number at week's end—government officials in Warsaw began to reveal their hand on both the mechanisms of ending martial law and the future they held out for Solidarity leader Lech Walens, released from detention three weeks ago.

In an interview with *Mezhanie's* news-gathering information agency, government spokesman Jerry Urban indicated that the lifting of military rele-

ases are believed to be still in custody. Urban said he thought it "highly probable," and, for the first time, he also hinted that a return to normalcy could mean an amnesty for Poles jailed for offenses against martial law regulations.

"It is not in my power to speak at present of an amnesty," said Urban, a former journalist who is a key adviser to Poland's military leader, Gen. Wojciech Jaruzelski.

"But we don't want Poland to be a country of political prisoners." However, the authorities would make sure that the crisis that had erupted in the country in the months before martial law would not occur.

"Once Poland returns to normal, the civil laws in force will be sufficient to deal with troublemakers," Urban added confidently.

Urban's comment on the need to avert new turmoil, and the decision to lift martial law gradually, confirm reports in Warsaw that one military role was formally ended, the authorities would retain powers to control workers in key industries and to deal with disorder. That message was underlined shortly afterward by Jaruzelski in a televised speech to officers in Katowice at week's end, and he said the ruling military council had begun the process to have the Sejm (parliament) discuss the martial law issue.

"We intend to lift the militarization of enterprises while retaining definite legal norms to regulate the transition period," he said, in an address that was otherwise devoted to a bitter attack on U.S. imperialism.

"Whenever rich America was able to hurt a weakened Poland, it has done so," he claimed.

Asked about Walens, Urban, who had publicly termed the charismatic union leader a mere "private citizen" after his release, indicated for the first time that the authorities are prepared to give him a distinctive part to play in Poland's future—if he takes the time. Nothing that Walens had not yet taken a political stance toward the government, Urban said. "If he defines himself as an opponent, we will fight him. But if he accepts 'normal accord' [the current buzz phrase for three-way co-operation among government, labor and the Roman Catholic Church], he can be a partner of the government—if he has a mandate to do it."

As the party, building Urban spoke, rumors circulated in Western diplomatic circles that the government, in a bid to win broader public support, was discussing its plans to change the constitution after martial law to give Poland a French-type semi-presidential political system. Urban admitted that the Communist Party establishment is toying with the idea very seriously. "We know the political system has to change—and it will change," he said. But, he added, whether a presidential system would mirror Western-style elections, Urban seemed noticeably less enthusiastic.

"The ways and means haven't been worked out," he said. "But I can point out that in the past, Polish presidents were elected by parliament. Clearly, the military government is moving to ease its grip on the nation—and it is keeping a broad range of options open as far as is possible."

—PETER LEWIS  
in Warsaw



## LATIN AMERICA

# An exercise in damage control

**T**ight security made the humble architecture of the capital, Brasilia, more sinister than usual. Even the dried-flower podiums had been cleared from the best of the grounds. But the atmosphere of U.S. President Ronald Reagan's meeting last week with his Brazilian counterpart, Gen. Joao Baptista Figueiredo, was cordial. Invited to Figueiredo's ranch, Crooked Mountain, Reagan and the Brazilian leader exchanged old military honors in a toast to Belém, he said, meaning Brazil. And then, in an attempt to recover, he added, "No, that's where I'm going." The next stop on his itinerary, however, was Colombia.

To human rights violations Reagan gave the impression to many Brazilians that he knew little about the region's problems. They believe that the United States is insensitive to the revolution, as Figueiredo put it in a foreign ministry banquet, that democracy will not flourish in Latin America "in a climate of general poverty and social instability." And Reagan's crew was not helped, moreover later, by an affront to his name as he bowed to Gen. Mario Soares in a toast to Belém, he said, meaning Brazil. And then, in an attempt to recover, he added, "No, that's where I'm going." The next stop on his itinerary, however, was Colombia.

He is unlikely to make the same mis-



Reagan and Sao Paulo with officials with elegances—and now a toast to Belém

take again. Colombia was in something approaching a state of siege, and Reagan was escorted by armored cars and jets with 50-caliber machine-guns. The president also had to listen to a lecture from Renner on Washington's policy toward Cuba and Nicaragua. Peace in Latin America, said Renner, "cannot be attained either by pressure or isolation."

The point was underscored on Saturday by a *New York Times* report that his covert activity aimed at Nicaragua has escalated to a huge scale in the past year. But Reagan, raising the issue, countered that "any nation destabilizing its neighbors should forfeit relations with any people who treat lives and freedom as a commodity." During his 24 hours in Costa Rica and Honduras, Reagan had time to do little more than lend his prestige to Costa-

ria's Rios Montt and El Salvador's Magaña. Both men are threatened by extremists on the right. But Rios Montt's situation is particularly worrying to Washington, where his baggage Christianity has gained him considerable support among administration figures with similar beliefs. Rios Montt is fighting a war on two fronts: one against guerrilla forces in the Ixil and Quiché, and the other against the competing military cliques and economic interest groups that have broken power for years. Rumors of plotting counterparts abound. One of the critical tactical questions that Reagan faces is whether to back Rios Montt, at least now to provide for a graceful transition. For now, Washington seems to be attempting both tasks simultaneously. The administration is trying to persuade Congress to authorize \$32 million in military aid and \$20 million in

economic aid, which would involve reversing the U.S. Senator's stand on Guatemala's recent human rights record. Since March, 4,500 prisoners have been ordered by government forces. But, as Reagan prepared to leave for Latin America, Schultz claimed to detect "signs of movement in the direction of democratic values." As well, the state department favors a replay of Guatemala's disputed election last March, but this time not by the rules that this year brought some legitimacy to the democratic process in El Salvador. But, despite these attempts and Reagan's longing of democracy from Brazil to Costa Rica, Latin America has far to go in building a just society—much more than a trip from Brazil to Belém.

—CLIFFORD KILGUS, in Brasilia with Anne Nelson in New York



Kennedy with (from left) Patrick, Kara and Teddy Jr.: 'overriding obligation'

#### THE UNITED STATES

## The family comes first

A always the bearing was regal, and, ever again, friends, family and reporters stood astounded in his presence. Packed into a labor economizer hearing room in the Dirksen office building on Capitol Hill, they watched him stride purposefully to the lectern, wait for the mikes to die, and then—his voice strong—read the 13-paragraph announcement. Citing family obligations, Senator Edward Moore Kennedy, 50—the most popular politician in the United States according to recent polls—last week renounced his seat from the 1984 presidential sweepstakes. "I don't think it's any mystery that I would like to be president," he said in answer to a question. But a divorce from his wife, Joan, loomed, and his three children, he insisted, were his "first and overriding obligation." As the children looked on from the front row, Kennedy added "for my family, the 1984 campaign was sometimes a difficult experience. And it is very soon to ask them to go through it again."

It is testimony to the enduring Kennedy aura that the senator's surprise withdrawal is quickly assessed so many. Some skeptics challenged the sincerity of Kennedy's motive, suggesting that long-term political considerations were as crucial to his decision as the wishes of his children. Others contended that Kennedy could not be unsure to an eleven-hour draft in the 1984 convention, although he pointedly ruled out

such a scenario. And, of course, Kennedy's sidesteps from what many Democrats consider to be his rightful throne dramatically rearranges the strategic map for half a dozen would-be presidents.

The decision made was apparently today weekend in the living room of Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis' Hyannis Port home. Their chairs drawn into a circle, Kennedy's children, sisters, nephews, nieces and brother-in-law, Stephen Smith, heard Kennedy staffer Lawrence Horowitz make the case for another presidential bid. The economy, many experts believed, would remain sour throughout 1984, leaving the Republicans unenviable. Moreover, during Kennedy's recent senatorial campaign he had brought several five-minute commercials designed to persuade him not to "play star wars" but as a deeply feeling person. Preliminary results, Horowitz said, indicated remarkable shifts in public opinion. In short, the political waters were swirling.

But not for the children—Kara, 29, Edward

Jr., 21, and Patrick, 18. They already had faced a mounting array of challenges: the endless tedium of campaigning, the friction between Kennedy and Joan—which led to the marriage breaking—the constant fear that their father, like their late sister, John and Robert, might be assassinated, and the shock and outrage surrounding the 1969 incident at Chappaquiddick, when Kennedy's companion, Mary Jo Kopechne, drowned after the senator's car plunged into a channel. These "cumulative pressures," as Kennedy called them last week, were finally decisive. After the larger meeting, Kennedy talked privately with his children. On Tuesday he told advisers that his mind was made up and nothing could change it. "I made the decision a long time ago," confessed Teddy Jr. "I didn't want him to run—for Patrick, mostly. When we're all grown up, it will be different." The younger men were equally anxious to distance their father. With his mother now living in Boston and Kennedy on the campaign trail, he frequently would have been alone.

Yet, if family interests were paramount, many observers nonetheless regarded the move as politically astute. At 58, Kennedy can wait until 1988. To win the 1984 nomination, however, he would have faced a stiff and potentially divisive fight with former vice-president Walter (Frank) Mondale. Even if he had become the Democratic standard-bearer, Kennedy would likely have run against an incumbent and personally popular president in Ronald Reagan. The economy might well have recovered by then. Arms control treaties with the Soviets could have deflated the nuclear freeze halloo, which Kennedy has been aggressively riding. The Chappaquiddick rumors would have surfaced again, raising questions about Kennedy's judgment, if not his ethics. And there remained the uncertain political impact of his divorce, and whether Americans were prepared to elect a bachelor president. As Robert Strauss, the savvy Democratic backroom strategist from Texas, put it last week, Kennedy could "win the nomination but not the election." And, if he lost in 1984, it would shatter his presidential aspirations beyond repair.

The rationale for 1988 was more persuasive. Kennedy was by then only 56 years old. All his children would be independent. He might have re-

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survived. Chaggeediddit would have married as an imam, if not disappeared. And, after two terms of Republicanism, the political odds for victory might look more promising. The senator, however, was careful not to derelict his options. "Actually, I enjoyed campaigning in Iowa in 1980," he said, "and, who knows, I may do again."

As it is, Kennedy's pulchritude makes Mondale the candidate the Democrats will back. At this early stage that is not entirely a blessing; it will instantly subject him to far more intense scrutiny. Noted Democratic pollster Pat Cadden: "The public's capacity to be bored with a presidential campaign increases exponentially as the months pass." And far from running—as Edmund Burke learned—boredom can be lethal. Mondale also bears the stigma of the Carter years, an era now generally perceived as well-intentioned but ineffective.

On the other hand, much Kennedy out, Mondale needs to worry much less about winning support on the political left. Others will rush in to occupy Kennedy's liberal positions—indeed, Senator Alan Cranston immediately claimed a significant shift of support from Kennedy's camp in his bid to see if these hopefuls has yet established national organizations. Colorado's Gary Hart has no national base. Representative Morris Udall suffers from Parkinson's disease. Cranston, a lock-state Californian, has little appeal among important Democratic constituencies. And George McGovern's pathetic 1968 showing makes talk of his resurrection more fanciful than real.

But, as Mondale moves left to capture liberal delegates, he leaves an opening at the center for Ohio Senator John Glenn, suddenly elevated to the number 2 position. For months Glenn has been jettisoned around the country touting the depth of his support. His late Dwight D. Eisenhower's blood and nobility, and his acknowledged record impress many voters, but Glenn is not a rousing speaker. (On Strauss's judgment, he could win the election but not the nomination.)

Kennedy himself was discreetly noncommittal about when, if anyone, he might endorse. But he pledged to remain active, a promise that would make him the convention's lynchpin. In fact, many observers were inclined to discount Kennedy's refusal to accept a draft. "I would not accept that as a final, irrevocable statement," said Senator Howard Baker, the Republican majority leader. "Two weeks is a lifetime in politics, let alone two years." But for now, at least, Teddy is out of the running and the Democratic nomination is essentially up for grabs. And the Iowa caucuses, where the campaigns kick off, are only 14 months away.

—MICHAEL POSNER in Washington.

## Lingering dissent in the alliance

Two controversial MX project passed two political examinations—one unknown, one routine—but Washington the House appropriations committee narrowly rejected a motion to stop funds for producing the first five missiles. In Brussels NATO defense ministers approved the Reagan administration's decision to

base the weapon in the equally hotly disputed "dove pack" made from Canada's defense minister, Gilles Lamontagne, endorsing the Pentagon line. "It is a good step forward as far as deterrence is concerned."

However, the MX was only a side issue at that meeting, which was more preoccupied with the planned deployment of cruise and Pershing II theater nuclear weapons in Europe. In a carefully timed statement, the Soviets warned that if NATO went ahead, Moscow would adopt a policy of "attack on warning"—dispatching a conventional force when neces-

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—IAN MATTHEW in Brussels.

SPAIN

## Downbeat debut for González

Television viewers who watched the investiture of Spain's Socialist premier, Felipe González, last week saw a changed man. González was the casually dressed, middle-aged rebel who emerged from the catenaccio after the Franco dictatorship to storm the corridors of power. In his place was a grey-haired figure who, despite his land-of-the-deadies was just over a month ago, already seemed burdened by responsibility. And, although his party's 800 delegates warmly applauded the premier's 30-minute inaugural address, it was quickly criticised for lack of substance and feeling. Battered the usually pre-socialist daily *El País*. "It was a disappointing speech."

González has drenched Socialist Party radicals for two reasons. He has chosen young party members for his 17-member cabinet and he has begun to implement orthodox economic policies. The cabinet has been built around a new "superminister" for economy, finance and trade, Miguel Boyer. An able 45-year-old, Boyer will spearhead a drive to cut inflation next year from 15 per cent to 12 per cent while boosting domestic growth by 3.5 per cent. But that will entail wage restraint and austerity, including higher prices.

Elsewhere in his inaugural address, the premier promised peace, unity and progress—particularly in regard to Gibraltar, which he wants returned to Spain. He also delivered a stern warning to coup plotters. "Those who think they can violate [the constitution] will meet a severe reply." But otherwise his speech was more reamateurish for what was left out. There was, for instance, no mention of the promised referendum on Spain's NATO membership. That omission was remedied in the ensuing debate when González gave a five-hour performance, though he would not say when the referendum would be held.

Overall, the speech had little appeal for González's more enthusiastic colleagues. They argued that the government has little to fear from taking bold stands in parliament. The Socialists outnumber even Manuel Fraga's conservative Popular Alliance by roughly two to one. Not only that, but the shattered former ruling Democratic Centre is likely to dissolve itself shortly.

National support for the new government is still strong, but it will be short-lived if González lives his new grey suit become a straitjacket.

—DAVID BARNES in Madrid.



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# The Hambleton spy web

By Hal Quinn

When Laval University economist Hugh Hambleton took the stand in London's venerable Old Bailey courthouse last week, he looked very much the academic on holiday. In a shorn suit and hair-trimmed glasses, his grey hair brushed forward to cover a bald spot, Hambleton showed no signs of nervousness, although his rapid speech and Canadian accent caused the court stenographer to scramble. But the 60-year-old professor's testimony set about waves through the Western espionage establishment. In the face of charges of spying for the Soviet Union, Hambleton maintained that he was actually a double agent working for both the French and the Canadian governments.

The thunderbolt came on the trial's third day as Hambleton's lawyer, John Lloyd-Hey, was cross-examining a government witness, Scotland Yard's Special Branch officer, Det. Sgt. Peter Westcott. "Are you aware," the barrister asked, "that the defense in this case would be that Hugh Hambleton was at all material times a Canadian and French agent who successfully penetrated the Russian espionage organization?" In subsequent testimony Hambleton stated that while he provided material for Soviet agents it was under the direction of a French agent whom he named and a Canadian External Affairs officer whom he referred to only as "Mr. C."

**Revelation:** Treason in the Old Bailey was palpable when Hambleton was ordered to name his alleged Canadian handler. He balked when Judge Sir Henry Cross-Johnson insisted that he at least write down the name and address of the Canadian intelligence agent, who, Hambleton claimed, approved his contacts with the Soviets and in-



structed that the link be maintained. Hambleton at first replied that the Canadian officers who arrested him, in 1979 forbade him to identify Canadian intelligence agents. But Hambleton finally relented when the judge sternly ordered disclosure. At that, Hambleton hastily scribbled a name on a piece of paper and handed it to Cross-Johnson.

Hambleton also rebutted the charge of passing classified documents by saying it was "misinformation" doctored by the French agent. At week's end three RCMP officers flew to London tentatively in the case, as the revelations resounded through British legal and security circles. Meanwhile, Canadian officials braced for what promised to be another week of embarrassment and potentially explosive disclosures.

Pending more facts, the Hambleton spy case was a puzzling web of alleged connections and counterclaims. The only certainty last week was that Can-

ada, once again, had landed at the centre of major international intrigue—a feature of West-East relations since Soviet defector Igor Gouzenko's revolutionary efforts gave rise to the Cold War in the 1940s. More recently, as the McInnes inquiry into the Royal Canadian Mounted Police delved into operations of the Security Service, the nation has been riveted by accounts of double agents dealing at night in "dark houses," their trade secret lifted from telephones.

As details of Hambleton's career in espionage unfolded like a John Le Carré novel, the sudden, unexpected twist provoked heated questions in the House of Commons in Ottawa, dating back to 1979 when the professor's double life was first exposed. The Canadian advisor general at the time, Allan Lawrence, had refused then to answer questions about Hambleton. But,

last week, Lawrence, now Conservative spokesman on security matters and the first, spoke freely in the House and to reporters. As solicitor general, he showed, he had been awaiting only a legal opinion before prosecuting Hambleton.

**Treason:** But the charges of 1969 intervened. The Liberals were returned to power, and no charges were laid. "That would not have happened if the Clark government had stayed in office," Lawrence maintained. "The woods are full of Canadian traitors who have been presented as persecuted off," he told Macdon's. The RCMP Security Service's argument, he said, "is that you confront them with the goods in the hope that you will get more out of them in private than in public prosecutions." Lawrence dismissed Hambleton's claim that he worked as a Canadian agent as ridiculous. "I don't believe he would be persuaded in Britain if he was a double



Hambleton's Quebec apartment (bottom now at left), Lawrence exhorts his Laval office, Kaplan (bottom) "woods full of traitors"

agent, considering the close cooperation between our security services and the British," declared Lawrence. "But, if it turns out to be true, I can assure you that all hell will break loose. It would mean the Canadian security service had to me. It means a Prime Minister (Pierre) Trudeau lied to the Canadian people, and it means Sébastien General Robert Kaplan lied to the Commons."

Kaplan and Trudeau have said that Hambleton was not recruited in Canada because the RCMP did not have enough evidence to proceed against him. Later in the week, however, Kaplan allowed that there was new evidence, which three Ministers were taking with them for a surprise appearance in the Old Bailey. "They have direct evidence to go," said Kaplan.

Kaplan and other government spokesmen refused comment throughout the week on evidence emerging from the Hambleton case, on



the grounds that they did not want to influence a trial in progress in another country. Kaplan, in fact, boasted about a London Times headline that said that the Canadian minister was not giving any details at home on the case. Finally, the Conservative critics agreed to hold their fire until the trial is over, unless there is another large break in the case, which seems to be almost a certainty.

For his part, Ottawa argues that its efforts to deal with spies are hampered by provisions of the 1974 Official Secrets Act, although critics charge that it is too sweeping. Kaplan assured the Commons last week that changes will be made. But Trudeau is not so concerned and, as a result, Hambleton, who went to England on mission in June ended up in a British jail.

By the time Hambleton was arrested he had been in from the cold for three years. In 1979 he was under investigation

by the RCMP. He admitted having had contacts with "some Russians" and prancing on what he said was widely available economic and political data. "I am sure I have not passed as any secrets," he said, concerning a report in the *New York Post* that a Russian woman living in New York, Lijana Galeva, had recruited him as part of a spy ring of 30 to 40 agents working in Can-



Lawrence. "I can assure you that if he'd will break home."

ada. Hamilton denied receiving \$10,000 from Galeva, saying instead that she was his girlfriend and that he had given her several thousand dollars in cash to help her out of financial difficulties. Besides, he said, she was Yugoslavian, not Russian, and not particularly well disposed toward the Soviet Union. Yet, in November, 1970, the RCMP raided Hamilton's mother's home in Ottawa and uncovered a cache of spying paraphernalia—a radio

equipped to receive scrambled messages, a decoding device and specially treated paper. The debate over whether or not to charge Hamilton was under way.

It was still in progress when Hamilton planned a vacation in Europe last spring. He had been to Britain once since the Ottawa raid—to visit Queen's University in 1968—and he had been detained and questioned by British authorities then. As a result, Hamilton cancelled the vacation about the treatment he was likely to receive this time. Although he was warned that he would face a "hostile reception," he decided to go anyway, planning first to meet his elder son, Ricardo, who was travelling in Europe, then to go to Spain to research a book on King Alfonso XIII. But almost as soon as he landed in England he was arrested and eventually charged with supplying secrets to enemies of Britain.

Back in Canada, Hamilton's co-wife let it be known that she thought he had been betrayed by the RCMP. Now living in the Ottawa area under a new name, she says that long Frank Pratt of the RCMP Security Service, who had been working with Hamilton, told him that, although he would have to go through more interviews in Britain, he would not be jailed. "My husband said he felt he was not compromising himself. But he was like in jail now," she said. But Solicitor General Kaplan last week defended the RCMP's warning, contending that the advice was appropriate in the context of the relationship with the security

forces had developed with Hamilton since the 1960 decision not to prosecute him. Some espionage analysts concluded that the advice lent credence to Hamilton's alleged links with the RCMP Security Service.

Not surprisingly, the RCMP was not forthcoming about its role in Hamilton's arrest. One high-ranking RCMP source, asked in July whether the force had tipped Scotland Yard to Hamilton's imminent arrival, replied drily,

"Perhaps a concerned Canadian citizen passed on certain information." But, in glossy Britain prison, built in 1833 to accommodate 400 prisoners, Hamilton considered himself lucky to be at least kept in one cell among the 700 inmates. His relatives' conflict may have served his hosts' interests—the 260 pages of statements he gave Scotland Yard Special Branch investigators in the prison were at the heart of prosecution evidence given to the Old Bailey last week.

Convict? "The defendant is and was a spy," declared British Attorney General Sir Michael Havers as he opened the prosecution case. Allegations and charges covering 22 years, from 1956 to 1970, showed how Hamilton's criminal commentary on his life and deeds to Special Branch investigators. Havers told the court that Hamilton had admitted to spying over a period of three decades, which included a five-year stint as an economist for NATO in Paris, and that in 1957 he had travelled on a Soviet diplomatic passport to Moscow. There, Hamilton told his interrogators, he had dined with Yuri Andropov, the KGB chief who just last month succeeded Leonid Brezhnev as general secretary of the Soviet Communist Party. Andropov "offered to finance my expenses" to seek election as an MP in Canada, said Hamilton, but the defendant refused the offer. Before the court was shown five eight hours to four confidential testimony from NATO officials. Havers maintained that Hamilton had photographed more than 40 NATO files, comprising thousands of pages with security classifications up to the "top secret" category (disclosure would cause "exceptionally grave damage") and passed them on to Russians at drops in the Paris subway and elsewhere.

Hamilton had consistently acknowledged that he gave the Soviets material that they had requested by NATO code number. But he always argued that it was harmless information, dealing with economics and all matters. However, in defence testimony late last week Hamilton maintained, for the first time publicly, that the documents were passed through French security agent Jean Haves, who decorated them by inserting "confidentiality."

Some facts of the case are uncontested. Hamilton has previously acknowledged that his first contacts with the Russians came at a 1956 party in Ottawa hosted by his father, George, a press gallery reporter for *The Canadian Press*, Canada's national news service. There, Hamilton was introduced to an employee of the Soviet Embassy, Vladimir Burdina, and the two became friends. Hamilton, who was working at the time for the National Film Board,

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# COVER



Hamilton in his Laval office in 1960. Brilliant at disguising what he was up to

place in *Cosmos: Who's Who* were  
publication of these books, a status as  
economic adviser to the government of  
Peru in 1975, the directorship of a  
course to evaluate and formulate projects  
in Haiti (1975-76), the presidency of the  
Canadian Association of Latin American  
Studies, and membership in the Society of  
St. George, the Royal Canadian Institute  
and the Federation of Canadian Who's Who.  
His house was listed as "La Merveille," *Mirror*.

Hamilton left NATO in 1961—"to  
feel free," he says—and studied at the  
University of London, receiving his doctorate  
in 1964. He joined Laval the same  
year and became an associate professor  
of economics in 1966. There, with his  
then wife Patricia Laval, when he met  
and married in 1966, and their  
two sons and daughter, Hamilton  
lived in a way that would be LaCarré's  
revelation of that statement.  
Laval's wife, Patricia, said: "I  
shared for his life with a man who was  
Gerald Lafford, said Moscovitz: "It was  
at Laval that he was up to it. He didn't  
have any real friends in the depart-  
ment. He didn't say much—no more  
than he had to." Said the associate at  
the Pavillon de la Recherche en Santé  
St-Helene, in Quebec City, where Hamilton  
had a 300-room apartment: "We  
secretly knew he was very good. We  
knew nothing to do with him. Neighbors  
realized that the door was always  
only partially opened when they

knocked at number 288  
Montreal. Hamilton resided in a  
1960 apartment, he was working in the  
corridor at Laval or in the coffee shop  
at Quebec's Château Frontenac hotel  
with Randolph Herrmann, a colonel in  
the Soviet security force, the KGB. "He  
was a very suspicious fellow," Hamilton  
said. "If I picked a restaurant for a  
meeting, he would pick another. If I  
picked a table when we entered, he  
would move it away, always seemed to  
be under surveillance." It was Herrmann  
who supplied Hamilton with his spy kit  
but it was also Herrmann who,  
when he defected in 1960, named Hamilton,  
among others, as "a laquais and  
trusted Soviet agent."

Spurred by his own statements to  
Scotland Yard, Hamilton talked  
casually about his Moscow trip and his  
meeting with Andreopov. By a circuitous  
route through Vienna, Hamilton was  
essentially smuggled into Moscow. He  
told the Yard interrogators that the Soviets  
provided him with an apartment and  
briefed him on various espionage  
techniques. While in Moscow he had  
dinner with Andreopov, who had "a good  
grasp of the West" and questioned  
Hamilton on Western attitudes, the  
future of the European Community,  
American youth, anti-Semitism in the  
U.S. and his views on U.S. defense  
spending. "I indicated the Cosmos  
Market was a failure," Hamilton told  
the Yard. "I said I thought U.S. defense  
spending would be considerably  
increased. The implication was that  
defense spending in the U.S. was considerable  
and could not be increased much  
further, but it would be in the United  
States." Asked by the Special Branch  
investigators whether he got a medal  
from Andreopov, Hamilton said: "He  
didn't give me a medal. He thanked me  
and said he hoped I would fare well in  
the world's trouble spots. I got the  
feeling he wanted me to exert influence  
on behalf of Russia rather than  
Spain."

Hamilton said he felt "a certain  
excitement, a feeling of camaraderie  
with the people looking after me." "You  
get the feeling you are playing an important  
role," he said. Yet, in apparent  
direct contradiction of that statement,  
Hamilton testified Friday that he  
found for his life with a man who was  
Gerald Lafford, said Moscovitz: "It was  
at Laval that he was up to it. He didn't  
have any real friends in the depart-  
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dian intelligence at that time and subse-  
quently," Lloyd-Bell said. If true, the  
disclosure places Canada on the edge of  
saying aloud, a practice that Ottawa  
has officially rejected for the Security  
Services.

The Hamiltons met, whatever his  
outcome, proved once again that Cana-  
da is enmeshed in the international  
espionage game. With its close ties to  
the Washington intelligence establish-  
ment and to NATO, Canada indeed is a  
prima target for spies. Spies of Soviet  
penetration have been up and down  
on occasion, documented—that Cana-  
dian operatives and diplomats re-  
peatedly have been accused of being Soviet  
agents. The road of espionage be-  
gan with Igor Gouzenko's charges in  
1945 that led to several espionage in-  
vestigations of Canadians and the espionage  
unit in the U.S. for five years of the  
alleged spy Alger Hiss. Later, in the  
wake of the McCarthy era, Canadian  
Ambassador Herbert Norman threw  
himself to his death from a Paris high-  
rise building—although the govern-

ment during his NATO job. "He was, al-  
though directly responsible in Jean  
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ment in Ottawa had cleared him of suspicions of disloyalty.

Throughout the 1960s, Lester Pearson's Liberals relied on espionage—especially the case of lefty postal clerk, George Victor Starnes—that ultimately led to the Maclean royal commission. Like McDonald, a decade later, Maclean called for an increasingly civilian service. The Trudeau government partially adopted the police in appointing former diplomat John Barnes as the first civilian director of the Security Service in 1970. In the end—and before revelations of secret mailboxes—Barnes resigned, frustrated by his inability to wrest control from the career MI6ers.

Throughout the years of the McDonald probe, there were repeated revelations about Canada's role in the shadowy espionage world. For one thing, Starnes asserted that the Trudeau government asked the Security Service to go ahead in investigating alleged threats to Canada's security by agents operating in Quebec. In 1975 the RCMP was suspected part of its own of being a traitor. Leslie James Bennett, a ranking official in the Security Service, was interrogated about his dealings with the Soviets. Although Bennett was cleared, the forces treated him as an instant, and Bennett resigned and moved to Australia.

William Stevenson, author of *A Man Called Intrepid*, which documents the wartime exploits of Sir William Stephenson, believes that all the nondescript and ineffectual have played among nations. In 1978 Stevenson told the Commons justice committee in Ottawa, "We're playing into the hands of people who want to discredit security services."

A move was made early in 1978 to head off what Intrepid feared to be almost true Canadian and American counterespionage specialists held a joint conference in Washington and at least one meeting at the Central Intelligence Agency (CIA) headquarters in Langley, Va. The subject at hand was a noticeably increased effort by the Soviets to infiltrate both countries. The CIA told the RCMP that the Soviets were undertaking operations that were "highly 'provocative'" and that they had "gotten out of hand." After the conference, the United States announced that it was greatly increasing its counterespionage force and strongly urged Canada to do the same. An FBI source



Old Bailey, Bennett, at the centre of international intrigue



said McDonald's last week, "As far as I know, the Canadian espionage was minimal." The problem, he said, is not the RCMP (which is highly regarded by both factions and staff). "It's a question of money. The territory they have to cover is huge. How can they do it on the sort of budget they're given?" The agent said that the Soviet Union targets Canada because it is well aware of "the holes in the RCMP net"—some of which, according to the agent, were created by the child of the McDonald inquiry into Security Service operations. Commenting on Ottawa's decision to create a separate unit to investigate espionage, a source in the CIA's counterintelligence section said, "We don't see any advantage to this. In fact, counterespionage might suffer."

One of the United States' disgruntled intelligence operations, speaking to Bennett's in as the strict understanding that he would not be named, said he had read the McDonald report that gave rise to the civilian espionage news and concluded, "It says a lot of things that are a bit of theory advanced in it, in my view, simply erroneous. It's a very poor piece of work. Personally, I have always felt that for Canada to try to set up a security service outside the (RCMP) is a mistake." As for the Hamilton case, the agent said he did not see how the secret could be disguised as being delinquent in any way. "It wasn't the RCMP that joined on protocols, it was the solicitor general. My only observation about this Canadian situation is that there are as awful lot of things unresolved."

At work's end, as the three secret officers flew to London, Hamilton was neither in town, nor out in, the old Atwood University, the 500-ft-tall Raccoon 4499 with the newspaper HRC. Hamilton was locked in a letter box two floors below, a dozen light-blue brown envelopes and a few white ones were stuck in a box marked Hamilton, H. George. In July, Hamilton's lawyers contacted the prime minister's superior, LeBlanc, and the department approved a six-month unpaid leave of absence. "We have not heard from him or their union," LeBlanc told McDonald. "So I guess we will extend it for another six." After 18 years of working with Hamilton, LeBlanc said, "I don't think I know him. My God, the whole thing is insane."

With Peter Bennett in Quebec City, Carol Armstrong and Phil Dault in London, David Goss in Ottawa and William Southern in Washington.

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John Locke, the philosophical father of all democratic governments worldwide, claimed the "three inherent, natural rights of every Englishman do lie: life, liberty, and estate" (estate property), rights which each individual brings to society just as he brings the physical energy of his own body—whence he has gained something to himself and thereby makes it his property. Jefferson and his colleagues embodied these principles in American fundamental law, if so important to Englishmen and Americans, why is property of no importance to Canadians?

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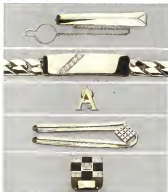
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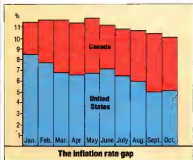


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# A growing assault on Bouey's resolve



By Carol Bruman  
and James Fleming

**J**oke—and their accompanying disparagement—once again were the top issue across the land, but at Toronto's Canadian Club last week there was not so much as a ripple of surprise when central bank Gov. Gerald Bouey broke some other news. In sombre tones he told the assembled luncheon guests that the Bank of Canada was formally abandoning the use of the M1—a measure made of cash in circulation and in chequing accounts—as a means of setting target levels for the country's money supply. The squawkiness with which observers greeted the announcement was understandable. Bouey had been dropping hints for months that the instrument, which had been used since 1976, was outdated and no longer useful. As well, he was at pains to stress last week that the bank's conservative monetary policy remained unchanged. The bank, he declared, would persevere in its fight against inflation since success on this front is essential if Canada is to pass through its economic ordeal.

If Bouey's statement on M1 evoked little consternation, his remarks on the monetarist creed evoked more of a stir, coming, as it did, amidst the latest report on unemployment of 12.7 per cent and a stormy debate among econo-

mists over the bank's unflinching commitment to a tight money strategy. In one camp, a growing number of influential analysts argue that the time has come to stimulate, not stifle, the economy. Taking the opposing view are economists who support Bouey's policy and insist that expansionary policies would only reproduce a still-lurching inflation rate of 18 per cent. Caught in the cross fire are consumers, businessmen and, most particularly, the unemployed, long battered by the effects of the worst recession in the postwar period.

For Bouey's increasingly vocal critics, his remarks last week only provided disheartening confirmation that their warnings were not being heeded. The dropping of M1 was only a small retreating of a policy that some contend may lead the country into a full-scale depression. According to a central bank spokesman, M1's demise came because it was no longer a reliable indicator of the money supply. The recent increasing amounts of cash have been flowing from chequing accounts into more lucrative areas. Corporations, for instance, have adopted the practice of taking their cash

balances out of chequing accounts at the end of the day and parking them into one-day term deposits overnight to collect maximum interest. As well, consumers are being enticed by new chequing savings and daily interest accounts, which lead to a further deterioration of M1 figures. Central bank officials spent months looking for a way to adjust the M1, but their efforts proved futile. Now, a number of other indicators will be used in its place.

But, if the central bank remains committed to its course, what string of different tools, the effects on the economy are becoming almost unbearably painful. If any confirmation was needed of that fact, it was provided last week in the latest barrage of gloomy figures from Statistics Canada. It reported that the country's gross national product—the value of goods and services—had dropped for the fifth consecutive quarter. That followed earlier news that the annual number of unemployed rose from 1,368,806 in October to 1,468,806 in November, although its percentage of the rate remained constant. Fully 33,000 were put out of work in manufacturing alone. As well, Statistics Canada revealed, corporate profits dropped by 80 per cent from 1984 levels in the third quarter of 1985.

A leading spokesman of those calling for urgent measures to remedy the situ-

Bouey: where does the economy stand?



ation is Michael McCracken, president of Informetrix, an Ottawa-based forecasting firm. He advocates broader money supply targets and a stimulative fiscal policy. Says McCracken: "By reducing personal income tax by \$1 billion, increasing government expenditures on infrastructure by \$1 billion this year and next, and increasing transfer payments to the poor by \$1 billion, we can get people to spend." In addition, McCracken advocates an easing of interest rates, by setting them at no more than two percentage points above the rate of inflation. What is more, he disputes the view that his recommendations would only reinforce inflation. Says he: "With high unemployment, excess capacity and a substantial slowdown of wage rate increases, it is not likely that this stimulus package would push up inflation."

Another critic of the central bank's game plan is Pierre Fortin, a professor of economics at Laurier University and a member of Finance Minister Marc Lalonde's new board of economic advisers. He argues that Bouey's policy is "painfully rigid" and that it is chiefly responsible for Canada's record unemployment rate, its widespread bankruptcies and the dismal level of business and consumer confidence. Writes Fortin: "If the recovery doesn't come up strong in 1985, there will be a cascade of big financial failures." Like McCracken, Fortin recommends that all levels of government should be prepared to bail out the economy by offering major stimuli, even if it means increasing the budget deficit, which already stands at \$25.6 billion.

Equally concerned is Abraham Rotstein, a University of Toronto economist who joined with a group of 60 colleagues earlier this year in calling for a change of economic goals. One solution, he says, is to stop trying to prop up the dollar as a means of fighting inflation. Bouey has focused on this strategy because a drop in the exchange rate increases the cost of imports and thereby pushes up prices. But Rotstein believes it is time for this fixation to end. "If we let the dollar find its own level," he says, "Canadian interest rates would level off." Among the alternatives recommended by his group are wage and price controls in the private sector and more government spending on housing.

Still, Bouey is not alone in exposing fidelity to the monetarist cause. A substantial number of experts applaud his newly determined to stay on course until there is convincing evidence that inflationary pressures have been contained. They point out that, while inflation has dropped in recent months, this progress is not enough. The gap between the Canadian and U.S. rate,

which is now seven per cent, they argue, is still unacceptably wide. Michael Walker, director of the Vancouver-based Fraser Institute, says current policies are working, as the declining inflation rate shows. But, he warns, "if the Bank of Canada expands the money supply, it could snow up the whole works by driving up inflation again."

Such views provide Bouey with welcome moral support as he navigates the central bank through one of the economy's turbulent periods. At the same time, he has little patience with his critics. Says Bouey: "Some commentators

regard the time has come to forget about the problem of inflation and concern ourselves only with expansionary policies." But, he adds, "no economic advice is more seductive, more in vogue to follow for a time, more has been tried more often, and none has failed more completely." For now, despite the growing smouldering on monetarism, the burgeoning army of unemployed across the country can only hope, in desperation, that Bouey's course is correct and that their sacrifices will soon end.

With David Gair in Ottawa.



Patterson, the threat to shut down shown no sign of lifting itself

## An ultimatum at Air B.C.

**B**y any measure it was a bold demand. On Nov. 9 Vancouver business leader James Patterson told 150 employees of Air B.C. that unless they accepted a five-year, no-strike contract within three weeks he would close the ailing regional airline. Understandably, the reaction of the workers' two unions was immediate and hostile, particularly because employee contracts were not due for renegotiation until early next year. As a result, it was all the more surprising when last week—at a staff meeting called by the company—the employees fervently accepted a three-year, no-strike agreement. But, if the vote at first seemed to be a remarkable victory for management, it soon became clear that it had only served further to inflame the dispute. The reason: the two unions representing the employees bitterly denounced the internal vote and are now vowing to ignore it, even though some of the workers approved.

The arbitrator of the disputed agreement was Iain Harris, the airline's managing director. On less than 24 hours' notice he gathered most of the staff for a union meeting at Vancouver's Vancouver Natatorium, however, were representatives of the workers' two unions, the International Association of Machinists and Aerospace Workers and the Canadian Brotherhood of Railway, Transport and General Workers (CBRTG). The one exception was their local President Kirk Hedley. Emerging from the meeting late that night, Hedley announced that "labor peace" had been achieved. The employees, he claimed, had agreed—though no vote was taken—on the three-year pact. Enraged Hedley "You can call it intimidation, but the employees are looking at their bread and butter and their mortgages."

The next day, however, other union

leaders authoritatively accepted the agreement. Bill Apps, the CBRTG regional vice president, said that there was no deal because nothing had been put in writing. Ralph Stevens, the machinists' local chairman, was more blunt. "This is still getting the gun to the heads of Air B.C. employees," he said, "and we won't deal that way."

If union leaders felt that the battle had only begun, the company's management was also giving little ground. The board of directors did decide to defer any decision on halting operations for the time being. But, if Patterson's threat was postponed, there was no sign of it being lifted. The 24-year-old entrepreneur has grown increasingly frustrated with Air B.C.'s losses, which are predicted to climb to the \$40- to \$50-million range this year. Patterson's survival plan for the airline—which provides the only scheduled air service to many remote communities—is to win Canadian Transport Commission approval to service lucrative routes between major cities. But this would require an investment in larger planes. Says Patterson, "We are not prepared to continue on with the operating losses we have been taking without concessions. Period."

For their part, the two unions point to recent drastic staff cuts in defense of their equally adamant stance. They also note that Air B.C.'s wages lag behind industry standards. If given the chance, they will raise these wages to contract talks early in 1983. Ultimately, however, it may not be the unions or Patterson who decide the airline's fate. The circuit has already indicated that it would either carry the view of Air B.C. without drawing its service. That means that, if Patterson goes through with his threat, he may find himself having to justify it in public hearings.

—SUSANNE FOUNDER in Vancouver

## A barely passing grade for GATT

**I**n the end, producers hoped on Nov. 19, External Affairs Minister Allan Rock had finally brought the gun down on the growling Geneva trade summit. Showing obvious signs of fatigue, MacEachern declared the meeting, which he had chaired, a "modest success." Not everyone got what they asked for, he admitted—a considerable understatement—"but at least a final package had been agreed upon."

Indeed, many delegates shared MacEachern's relief that the meeting had at least produced an agreement of sorts after towering dangerously on the brink of collapse during six days of stormy sessions. But, as more skeptical observers pointed out, the final declaration did little to ease the trade dispute swirling among the 56 members of the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade (GATT), nor did it provide much more than a rhetorical buttress against the growing tide of protectionism in international commerce.

However modest, the final agreement did contain a declaration against protectionism—an indication that if the participants are not honoring the goal of free trade in practice, they at least keep it in principle. To give the declaration teeth, 14 separate provisions were added that met at least some of the objectives of the nations at the meeting. They included a new GATT re-

view of trade in such services as banking and shipping, which was a key demand of the Americans. For its part, the Canadian delegation welcomed a commitment to study whether fisheries products should be included in GATT's free trade provisions. Another one of Ottawa's main goals, the improvement of procedures for handling trade disputes, was also achieved.

But the modest accomplishments were overshadowed by failures. For one thing, no accord was reached on a system of imposing import cuts without discriminating against individual producing countries. For another, Third World complaints about rich countries' barriers to their exports remained unanswered. These and other heated disputes led to a total of 33 statements of dissatisfaction at the meeting.

Nevertheless, the small successes gave MacEachern some grounds for satisfaction. At the start of the conference he was criticized for letting the first two days pass while he chewed over various ways of organizing the meeting. He also drew fire for refusing to impose any deadlines to the meeting was extended time and time again. But in the end, however, this turned into prolonged negotiation as MacEachern refused to be pushed, particularly by a tense working confrontation between the European Economic Community and the United States, which was demanding a commitment from the GATT to reduce farm export subsidies that distort trade. In the end, the EEC countries refused to take part in a committee that was set up to study the subsidies. The community has aggressively pursued agricultural export subsidies to the chagrin of other nations that charge that its goods have an unfair advantage in export markets. Despite heavy criticism, the EEC countries maintained that the subsidies provide an essential time buffer for their economies during the winter recession. What is more, the EEC dismissed early drafts of the declaration against protectionism as "unrealistic and unenforceable."

The Europeans' position undermined the success of the conference and also increased the likelihood of a costly trade war with the United States. So angered did the U.S. delegation become with the EEC's stand on agriculture that it threatened at one point to dump \$5 billion (U.S.) worth of surplus food on the world market. Should that happen it would drive down all food prices, including those for Canadian exports, which last year totalled \$6.1 billion. Whether the dispute escalates to that point or not, there was little doubt that, as a result of the Geneva session, agriculture has replaced steel and the Soviet pipeline as the major source of tension in the Atlantic Alliance.

—LAIN GUNZ in Geneva



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Italy



# Breaking the hush of the trusts

By Peter C. Newman

Under the chartered banks, Canada's trust companies attract little attention and even less attention. Yet they are astonishingly powerful institutions with assets worth \$238 billion currently in their custody.

Except for some categories of commercial loans having to do with inventory credits, they can perform just about every banking function there is and do so for more hours per day (While the Royal Bank is closing its doors earlier, more and more trust companies are starting open from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m., six days a week.)

If Ottawa's current revision of the Trust Companies Act—the first major overhaul since 1913—goes through, these little-known offshoots of our financial tree will become more influential than ever. The main reason Canada's 99 trust companies so seldom make news is that most of them are run as private fiefdoms.

But now, in one of those ubiquitous confrontations that occasion by strikes up Canadian boardrooms, a trend is about to erupt that threatens to shake the hush of the trust company world.

As the soon-published table indicates, there is one very definite difference between banks and trust companies: while federal statutes specifically prohibit anyone from owning more than 10 per cent of any bank, no limits exist on trust company control. There was a time when Canadian milkmen owned their trust companies outright so heavily that they were able to control the fortunes. Howard Webster's Imperial Trust in Montreal is one surviving example. Most trust companies are now controlled by their dominant shareholders through daily chains of holding companies. Unlike other closely held financial operations, trust company boards of directors (such as Royal Trust's) tend to capture managerial independence.

The current fiascos have to do with a quiet battle by Canada's second-largest insurance company (Manulife) to gain a dominant hold over Canada's Trusts, which, in terms of branches across the country (286) and return on capital, is the country's largest trust company.



Mingay is long family stand

Canada Trust, run by 65-year-old Arthur Mingay, who has been with the firm since 1908, was established in 1864 and grew to maturity as a kind of insurance substitute for the many fortunes created in London, Ont. A dozen of the

company's directors still hail from that heavily fertile part of the country, with one exception on the board from nearly all the great London families, including the Jefferys, the Blackburns, the Creggs and the Troops.

Mingay runs an efficient operation, with clearly measured objectives, which has grown at a compounded rate of 20 per cent in investment income over the past decade. With assets under administration of about \$10 billion, Canada Trust has become one of the country's major financial players. Its bad loans have increased to more than \$58 million, but net earnings for the first nine months of 1982 are up a cool 66 per cent over last year's.

What has shattered Canada Trust's quiet possession of power is that Max Megaw, the Toronto financier who had been a director for 33 years until he retired a year ago, recently decided to sell his nearly 30-per-cent holding of Canada Trust shares. At about the same time, Earl Orser, the president of London Life (which holds about 10 per cent), left the board to join Royal Trust.

Both departing directors offered their Canada Trust stock to Manulife, which already held 18.2 per cent in its portfolio. The buy-outs would give Manulife almost 30 per cent of Canada Trust's ownership, a position that, if fully voted, would approach effective control. To forestall precisely this kind of takeover, Mingay altered Canada Trust's charter in 1979 to prohibit any shareholder from owning more than 18 per cent. The Ontario Securities Commission is now examining the efficacy of the Manulife bid.

The deeper issue involved is whether dominant shareholders should be allowed to exercise control.

Mingay was opposed to the notion long before the present threat to his firm because he feels that the interests of dominant shareholders do not always coincide with long-term, overall trust company welfare. His stand, which has isolated him from his peers, may or may not save his company from outside domination. That Arthur Mingay's fight is a worthwhile defense of an important principle from which he does not intend to back away

MAJOR TRUST COMPANIES & THEIR DOMINANT SHAREHOLDERS			
Royal Trust—Toronto	The Bankman Inc.—22%	The Bankman Inc.—18%	
Canada Permanent—Toronto	Genstar Ltd.—99%		
Watkins & Grey—Scarfield	Hal Jackson—36%		
Guaranty Trust—Toronto	The McCutcheon Inc.—99%		
First City Trust—Vancouver	The Bankers Inc.—84%		
Central Trust—Halifax	Reuben Cohen—24%	Lawrence Cohen—23%	
Trust General—Montreal	Lawrence Webster—52%		
Manulife Trust—Montreal	Paul Desmarais—50.36%		
Fidelity Trust—Edmonton	Peter Facklington—92.7%		
Crown Trust—Toronto	Lawrence Greenberg—24%		
Standard Trust—Toronto	Steve Brown—66%		
Municipal Trust—Brisol	Maxwell Bittman—51%		

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## ENVIRONMENT

# The world water crisis

By Pat Oshesio

In the Soviet Union there is an abundance of wild, tumbling rivers but, for human purposes, many of them flow in the wrong direction. Each year, as billions of tonnes of fresh water pour down the Ural Mountains and into the Arctic Ocean, the steppes of the central U.S.S.R. lie parched. As long ago as the Stalin era, a breathtaking ambitious plan was drawn up to erect the Zhigalov river from their northeast courses and divert them south into grain-growing Kazakhstan and cotton-producing Uzbekistan. In the western United States droughts and the dramatic fall of the recent water table have led to increased calls for water conservation and the considerations of huge schemes to resupply the course of rivers to get dwindling water stocks to where they are needed by man. In Canada, vicariously consider plans that would reverse the flow of the Yukon River and turn James Bay into a fresh water lake in order to pump Canadian water to the United States. And in

China engineers are laboring to reshape the vast Yellow River to supply water to its parched cities. Around the world, massive schemes in various stages of development—bore pipe from to completion—are being marshalled to move water from places where it is abundant to the alarming number of areas where it is becoming critically scarce. So great is the concern that conservationists fear fresh water may soon become the planet's most precious—and threatened—resource.

Although droughts and severe water shortages have always accompanied human civilisation (Australia is currently entering the second year of a drought), today's burgeoning populations, with its attendant pressures for more water, more food and more industry, in most regions dry up. The three water resources experts feel, precluding a global water crisis of almost unimaginable proportions. By the year 2000 this world's population will have increased by more than 50 per cent to 6.1 billion, forcing more and land into cultivation by irrigation and putting even greater pressure on present acreage where water sources are already strained to capacity.

The most distressing question is where that additional water is to come from.

Nowhere is the problem more pressing than in North America. The amount of water available for every person on the continent is dwindling at an alarming rate. This week U.S. officials warned that New York City could face an acute water shortage—a "drought emergency"—before Christmas unless there is immeasurably heavy rainfall. That and other shortages are not merely due to increasing populations but to the loss of usable water itself, as industrial discharges continue to pollute fresh water, as acid rain continues to fall, and as major and myriad sources of water for cities and agriculture literally dry up. The three water resources experts that supply New York City say only 50-1 per cent fall. As thirsty Americans look north for help, Canadian water experts are scrambling to assess this country's water resources, fearing that the economic temptation to sell water south of the border would eventually leave Canada unable to meet its own needs.

Drought-stricken South Dakota, irrigating crops, parched California land, Israel (below), the most precious resource

To avert, or at least limit, the damage that will be caused by the coming water crisis—which most experts predict will become severe by the year 2020—analysts believe that comprehensive and perhaps drastic water management policies must be hammered out now. But a major problem in even formulating conservation programs or engineering solutions is convincing politicians and consumers, whose taps are still running freely, that shortages are around the corner. "Water is clearly not visible until people are without it," says Peter Bourne, president of Global Water, a Washington, D.C.-based organization created last year shortly after the United Nations declared the 1980s "The Water Decade". Adds Lester Brown, president of Worldwatch Institute, an international research centre devoted to global environmental problems: "We are at the stage with water [supply] now that we were with oil 30 years ago."

One way of dealing with the crisis, many engineers and farmers believe, is a megaproject solution like the River as river diversions. Still,

economists gasp at the price tags attached to the designs. And environmentalists shudder at the possible consequences of such massive tampering with topography. That is not a fear that can be easily allayed. The most dramatic effect of the Soviet river diversion scheme may be on the world's climate. Some scientists fear that the globe will literally cool off if the huge flow of warmer water (100 billion cubic kilometres per year) into the Arctic is curbed.

Historically, engineering answers to water problems have been as much a part of human civilization as droughts and floods. In ancient times the Assyrians, Phoenicians, Egyptians and Chinese constructed sophisticated canals for navigation, flood control, city water supplies and irrigation. And remnants of the Roman aqueducts that once lured Rome are still standing. Advanced engineering technology, however, has made far more rapacious and intricate schemes possible. The city of London recently ended its long battle against the flood-prone

Thames by erecting a \$1-billion series of massive hydraulic gates to control the river's level. And the Netherlands is now completing a 30-year, \$1.3-billion solution to its endemic flooding problem which should hold firm at least 100 years—41 giant steel gates that can be raised or lowered to regulate water flow.

It is in developing countries, however, that some of the most ambitious water schemes are being planned or built. One such project, the Salto Grande dam—spanning the Uruguay River between Uruguay and Argentina—was finished in 1979 and has since become a Latin American showpiece. Requiring 80 years and \$450 million to build, the co-operative project has tripled Uruguay's hydroelectric power, opened up 262,000 acres of irrigated land, added 141 km to the energetic portion of the Uruguay River and enabled the two countries' railway systems to be joined for the first time.

Much larger national water development projects are now being built in China, a nation notoriously vulnerable to the destructive cycle of drought and floods. Already, \$1.5 billion has been spent on reoccupying the Yellow River to avert severe flooding, as well as to divert water to the thirsty industrial city of Tianjin. Large projects to hold back the encroaching Gobi Desert through irrigation and to transport water to such









Colorado River near U.S.-Mexico border, Middle East drip irrigation project, megaprojects vs. conservation



plan calls for "recycling" the eastern rivers that empty 11,250 cubic metres of water a second into James Bay. A 140-km-long, 60m-deep reservoir to flood the Hudson Bay would turn James Bay into a huge freshwater lake, preventing the loss of the river water to the sea. A huge canal would then transport the James Bay water to the Great Lakes, for release to the Provinces, the United States and even Mexico, as needed. "The whole continent will profit from the Grand Canal," says Klamon. "But Canada will be the greatest beneficiary because we will not sell the water."

The main obstacle to getting the project built, in Klamon's view, is the inability of politicians to comprehend the magnitude of the coming water crisis and the necessity to begin building now. Both MAWPA and the Grand Canal would take at least 30 years to complete. But, says Frank Quinn, head of water planning management at Environment Canada: "The MAWPA and Grand Canal schemes are ahead." They are astronomically expensive (as much as \$300 billion each), he adds, and they are likely to have devastating and irreversible ecological effects. They could become white elephants before completion, and both are based on the exporting of water, an idea that Quinn feels most Canadians find "repugnant."

The issue of Canada selling its water to the United States is indeed a hot topic on both sides of the border. "About 40 per cent of Canada's water runs into the ocean," says Klamon. "It just makes good sense to recycle some of it back for human use and to sell the excess." But Canadian water experts, such as Sewell, who believe that Can-

ada, too, is facing its own water shortages, argue that exporting water would only precipitate the crisis. Even more powerful than the practical arguments against exporting are the emotional associations with the water issue. Water, believes Environment Canada's Quinn, is like land. "It's part of the character of the country. Why not just sell the Americans a great chunk out of the Northwest Territories?" he declares.

Meanwhile, south of the border, similar arguments are put forth on both sides of the debate. Republican Senator Frank Moss of Utah, for one, declares, "If Canada did not supply us with water, it could be regarded as an unfriendly act." Still, other Americans staunchly believe that the solution to the U.S. water crisis must be found within that country's own borders. Patrick Boynton, of the office of Arid Lands Studies at the University of Arizona, says firmly: "Don't you Canadians ever think of exporting your water to us? Once the pumps and pipelines are in, it would be impossible to stop. You will need every gallon in your own country."

Federal governments on both sides of the border officially disapprove of water export. Neither MAWPA nor the Grand Canal has been or is being seriously considered by either government. Says John Roberts, Canada's minister

of the environment: "We are opposed to the idea of diverting our water. We believe that all of our water is being used profitably in Canada." However, he says, the future of Canadian water resources is becoming a national concern. "We must use our water wisely. People have been merely glancing away from the assumption that air and water will be there to infinity. But, if we look 10 years down the road, there are serious fears."

A federal commission is now mapping out a nationwide strategy for managing Canada's freshwater supplies, says Roberts, and early next year it will present its recommendations to cabinet. For their part, U.S. officials deny that they are looking covetously at northern water resources. "There is no serious consideration being given to any scheme of getting water from Canada," says Tom Hughes, spokesman for the U.S. department of the interior.

Nonetheless, many observers believe that Washington will begin pressuring Ottawa to sell Canadian water before the end of the century. All across the U.S. West, citizens from Montana to Texas are already at the black days of the dust bowls 50 years ago. Additional sources of water within the United States are limited, and U.S. government plans to increase retail water use are viewed as almost unthinkable.

Porter Ward, an official with the U.S. Geological Survey, predicts that the future will see more and more water moved around. "You might say water flows toward money," he says. "I think we will see international transfers and we will also have to look to see if we can get water from Canada."

Wherever macroengineering water-moving projects are being considered—whether as far-off ventures in North America or practical solutions in the Soviet Union and many developing nations—their long-term consequences weigh on planners' minds. Many view Egypt's Aswan High Dam—now more than 15 years old—as an important test case. Massive irrigation of the Nile Valley has brought self-administration to its soils. Soils that carry the debilitating disease schistosomiasis thrive in the irrigated fields, and Egyptian officials estimate that as many as 90 per cent of Nile Valley residents may suffer from it. And, because the Nile no longer flushes sediment far out into the Mediterranean in annual floods, the delta is plunging up with silt. One possibility has been Egypt's formerly lucrative shrimp industry.

Many of the current megaproposals are far more ambitious than Aswan, and ecologists fear even more dire consequences. "The traditional way of dealing with water [supply] problems has been to look over the next set of hills," warns Derrick Sewell. But, because of environmental considerations, the high costs of diverting distant water sources and the fact that conflicts inevitably arise with neighbors covering the same water sources, many experts now are questioning the megaproject-megabucks approach and are emphasizing conservation instead. Steps can be taken in combination, Sewell and others agree, which would mean more efficient use of the water resources already available. These measures include reusing irrigation water, switching to crops that require less water in the arid regions, curbing North American eating habits (much of Canada's irrigation water is used to grow alfalfa, a cattle-feed crop), and patching deteriorating municipal water systems. At the same time, steps can be taken to clean up polluted water and encourage such advanced agricultural techniques as drip irrigation, which uses perforated pipes to deliver only as much water as a plant needs. Most importantly, water planners argue that consumers must be forced to pay a higher cost for water to stop waste.

The conservation approach may be best suited to industrialized countries, where the infrastructure of dams, reservoirs, aqueducts and irrigation canals is already in place. It may be less appropriate for developing nations. The Third

World still lacks basic "plumbing" for cities, industry and agriculture, and the megaprojects may be worth the cost and the ecological risk. "The Egyptians knew all the consequences of the Aswan Dam ahead of time, with the possible exceptions of the effect on shrimps," asserts David Hopper, vice-president, South Asia region, at the World Bank. "It was a trade-off. Without the dam, Egypt would have forgone substantial gains in electric power, flood control and agricultural productivity."

Whether similar trade-offs will prove necessary in North America—whether to grand schemes for damming water "over the next set of hills"—may depend on how quickly national policies can be devised to ensure the most efficient use of water on this side of the 49th And in Canada that means that representatives from the provinces and the federal government, who are already involved in heated negotiations over other resources—energy, forests, fisheries—must again roll up their sleeves to formulate management plans for the country's most abundant, most ignored and, some fear, most jeopardized natural resources.

With Canada's attention in Poland, Javier Carrion in Toronto, Keith Charles in Mexico, Will Kenton in Washington and Suzanne Zissman in Calgary.



Roberts, senior limits

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Aug next May, a honeymoon in a safari tropical hideaway and children—"12," according to Pette.

The exclusive sentence fiction writer whose ethereal imagination brought ear-bawling such classic *Typee* and *Mohi* to the Ska, not to mention the five-cathin-member Church of Scientology, is back. Or is he? Shortly after Seattle's first World War II, he was nearly 30 years, his the stratosphere in October, his son, **Don DeWitt**, died a petition is a California superior court claiming that his father is either dead or mentally incompetent. DeWitt, 40, has been seen his father for 20 years and insists that he has seen him for two, is attempting to gain control of Bob's assets, and so on.

city officials from benevolent forerunners' \$100-million plot follows a possible member the Scientologists as a lawsuit of their own half's lawyers and own they were searching for who was last seen in public 10, at a Scientology fundraiser. Mary Sue Haddock wife, who has not been since 1978, filed a two-paragraph petition, arguing not the first time that disappeared Menendez.



a fresh manuscript, 38 volumes and 2½ million words long, has been deposited with Hubbard's publisher, L. Ron, it is time to call home.

The face has changed, but the message remains the same. Sporting a surgically reduced nose, an emblem of his days underground, **ABRAHAM** McMAN, the former sex-fugitive, Yippie leader and political radical, is still boasting activism. "There is more to life

than watching General Patton, throwing up a copy of *Fortune* every Saturday night and playing *Pac-Man*. "I'm the 40-year-old Hoffman interested in a group of students from McMaster University who are interested in the environment, the concept of nuclear safety and powerful rhetoric tactics to stir things up." The ex-Chicago Secor member is leading his own annual during a current tour of Canadian and U.S. colleges, administering embryos to taking up a fight against the nuclear waste Canada is demanding \$3,000 to \$5,000 an embryo. Hoffman offers a treatise on the participation principle and how to join membership for his environmental group, Save The River, along with a copy of *Fortune* and a copy of *Fortune*. Hoffman is a Major Motion Picture. S&H Hoffman maintains "I'm perpetually and vigorously poor. Most of the money I raise doing this goes to saving these gray-duty programs." What Hoffman is doing is not just a good deed, it's a good deed. Yes, indeed, for Hoffman.

**Al-Masabi** **Hochstadt** **Overline Theatre**

environmentalists due to open in Princeton, N.Y., next June—with Dean Abbot as the main attraction. What will the lesson be? Hoffman does not know yet. However, he is certain about the kind of people he wants as students: self-motivated, unstructured and self-oriented. Tremaschuk, Hoffman, who is well on parole after a 1981 conviction for selling poisons to vine growers, will not find many students of his choosing here. "You guys think it is rude to challenge authority. Canada is just too polite. You're even afraid to shoot," he says, his voice raised extremely.

—EDITED BY BARBARA RABITON

Give JCB.  
It whispers.



ness a female "counterintelligence" agent, an updated Pink Panther Barbie doll plays the game, while another is now an Ekko, and easily Strawberry Shortcake has become a housewife doll. At the same time, Parker Brothers has introduced a new deluxe Canadian version of Monopoly, which comes complete with horse-shaped tokens, CN and CP railroads and a Monetta who orders the railway to go directly to jail. Meanwhile, Parker Brothers' new electronic addition to the real estate game adds in bank loans and plays Taps when a player goes bankrupt. Such arcade fi-

scles as Frogger, Pit-Man, Galaxian and Defender have all been scaled down to tabletop games. There are state-of-the-art simulations of the hand-held computer games first introduced several years ago.

Indeed, against all economic odds, home videogame systems continue to be the biggest toy draw of all. Atari, which has courted between 50 and 60 per cent of all videogame systems sold in the country since making its Canadian debut, has doubled its number of game cartridges to about 50. In type of sleep prize—base computer units sell from

\$229 to \$430 and cassette from \$15 to \$270—videogame sales amount to \$250 million a year.

As the toy giant's struggle to maintain their coveted place under this year's tree, small Canadian toy manufacturers are benefiting from the rush for quality and are driving a wedge into the high-priced market. Udon and Heli-Han Hynes, who opened Bookend Hobbies Crafts in Brampton, Fla., N.S., six years ago, are flooded with holiday orders for their hand-crafted plank toys. Ranging from \$6 for a crafted hedgehog to \$66 for a life-size St. Bernard, the animals have become a favorite among independent retailers. Sales have already topped \$200,000 this year.

In Winnipeg, Barbary Cross, a company that produces wooden toys, has tripled sales in each of the last years it has been operating. Barbary Cross's biggest seller this year has been a replaceable clanking gyo, which retails for a hefty \$400. Barbary Cross owner Jack Watkin: "Our success is due to the fact that parents are recognizing quality and paying for it." Asin Nancy Ross, owner of The Creative Child toyshop in Toronto: "The day of the junk toy is over." At her store stuffed animal puppets fetch as much as \$100 each. "Parents are doing a lot of researching and reading. They are spending their money on toys that will stimulate their children over a period of time," she says.

Many of these parents are referring religiously to the annual report of the Canadian Toy Testing Council, an Ottawa-based organization made up of 25 volunteer parents, which rates some 1,200 toys on safety, design and play value. "Toys are too expensive for parents to buy something for Christmas that will be discarded by New Year's Day," says Julie Crighton, the council's vice-chairman of publicity. "Parents are going to be careful shoppers."

Montrealers Ralph and Marilyn Plimley would consider themselves among the discriminating toy shoppers. They have chosen a Toy Council-approved Fisher-Price Rink Activity Centre for their seven-month-old Christine and are searching for an equally worthy gift for their son. "Toys are expensive," says Ralph Plimley, "and experience has taught us that the extra couple of dollars can make a big difference in how long a toy lasts and how safe it is."

Despite such conscientious consumerism, pocketed whimsy still entices. Nancy Ross has encountered mothers who are buying really exotic dolls for randomness. Four-year-olds and grandfathers who find it hard to pass up \$500 train sets for their grandsons. "The toy business is not necessarily rational," she admits. Perhaps two 13-year-olds list in electronic space are not to be taken too seriously after all. ☐

## MEDICINE

# A new heart with strings

With death hardly other option, Barney Clark, a 61-year-old retired dentist from Seattle, Wash., volunteered last week to become the first recipient of a permanent artificial polyurethane and aluminum heart. The decision resulted in one of the most revolutionary developments in modern medicine. Two other temporary implants had been performed in 1969 and 1981, both by Dr. Denton Cooper of the Texas Heart Institute, an elapsed measure before normal heart transplants. But the operation at the University of Utah Medical Center involved the installation of a \$20,000 mechanical heart designed to last indefinitely.

If the implantation is successful, however, it will be a mind boggling. Clark must spend the rest of his life attached by two hoses to the shopping-cart-sized air-driven compressor that keeps his heart functioning. Designed by the University of Utah's Dr. Robert Jarvik after more than 10 years of development and testing in cattle, the Jarvik-7 heart is the leading device in the hotly competitive international field. A fist-sized pump replaces Clark's diseased left and right ventricles—the lower chambers of the heart—connected to a still-beating aorta, pulmonary artery and the heart's upper chambers, or atria. The compressor pumps air through the hoses to two diaphragms, which mimic the heart's normal beating action. There was an unexpected hitch at week's end when Clark had to undergo a one-hour operation to block an air leakage in his lungs. But hospital officials said the problem was apparently solved.

The immediate benefits of the Utah operation for Canadian heart patients are limited. The artificial heart, in any of its current incarnations, is not considered a replacement for the human heart on a long-term basis. But 2,000 to 3,000 Canadian patients who face death from inoperable, degenerative heart diseases remain potential candidates for the Jarvik implant.

The Canadian hospital most likely to purchase artificial hearts soon is the Montreal Heart Institute. "But they would have to be sure it's safe and less expensive," says Medical Director Dr. Paul David. "I'm not sure we would import this type of Jarvik heart. It's still 100 per cent experimental."

—ANN WALSHLEY in Toronto.

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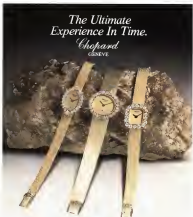
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## A visionary for modern times

In his world as in his work, the British poet and artist William Blake (1757-1800) turned the praise of everyday life into poetry. A friend once found Blake and his wife, Catherine, sitting naked in their garden, reading to each other from Milton's epic poem *Paradise Lost*. "Come on," Blake is reported to have said. "It's only Adam and Eve." Indeed, Blake openly claimed to be "under the direction of Messengers from Heaven, Daily and Nightly," who revealed eternal truths. In turn, like the Old Testament prophets he so admired, he labored all his life to communicate these visions through poems, watercolours and prints of rare force and originality. During his lifetime few people paid attention, but today his appeal is wonderfully apparent in a distinguished and delightful exhibition, *William Blake: His Art and Times*, currently at the Art Gallery of Ontario.

In marked contrast to the overpriced and disappointingly modern J.M.W. Turner exhibition two years ago, this show delivers what it promises. The dazzling range of more than 150 tiny but hugely engaging works is clearly organized and accompanied by useful commentary, exploring Blake's progress from a commercial engraver of solid modest distinction to the magnificent illustrator of the Bible, *Paradise Lost* and *Divine Comedy*. There is a splendid selection of the illustrated books, in which Blake interweaves his images in words and pictures and the grace and inventiveness that have never been equalled. Vision flows up the border and tendrils about the poetry in *Songs of Innocence*; fairy-like creatures ride a serpent across the bottom of a page of *America: A Prophecy*, and humans scuffle the final lines of *Jerusalem*, in which the hero achieves an ecstatic union with Christ. The richly adorned prints produced between 1794 and 1800, a brilliant force of his output, are well represented through such famous works as *Good Day*, which depicts a naked man with arms outstretched before a glorious burst of light.

Although aspects of Blake's work are undeniably exciting, both his ideas and images have a startlingly modern quality



*The Angel of Revolution: a rare spirit continues to alive*

ty. His fantastic imagery—most vivid in his illustrations to the *Book of Revelations*, with their red dragons, multi-headed beasts and Angels of Revelation—and lack of interest in drawing from nature put him squarely at odds with prevailing fashion. To illustrate his visions, Blake employed deliberate stylization, rejecting an otherworldliness in the *Book of Job* illustrations through the use of shallow space and the elongation of figures whose strange robes seem to flow like water around their feet.

Nor was Blake popular for his perceptive views on sex, expressed in his illustrated poem *Vision of the Daughters of Albion*, and his liberal political sympathies. Blake was on the fringes of a radical circle which included Thomas Paine and Mary Wollstonecraft. He enthusiastically supported the American

and French revolutions until Robespierre's Reign of Terror caused him to desist of politics and look solely to spiritual solutions for human problems.

For Blake, oppression was identified not with any one political ruler or even organized religion, which he despised, but rather with the forces of reason and materialism, which he considered debasing. In his illustrated poems, plagued by a fantastic cast of characters, tragedy is personified by Urizen, a bearded old man who enslaves Orc (revolutionary energy) and Luv (Imagination). Not surprisingly, Blake's lively imagination, fervent championing of the individual and early warnings about the alienating effects of the industrial revolution—the "dark satanic mills" of his famous poem *Jerusalem*—made him much admired if not particularly well understood by the 19th-century generation.

In fact, as this exhibition proves, it is possible to enjoy Blake without understanding much about his sense of mission. At his best, as in the illustrations to Dante's *Divine Comedy*, he persuades with the purity of his color, the inspired freshness of his images and the rush of energy flowing through the lines of the compositions. These works, collected at his death, show Blake at the height of his artistic ability. In *The Goodness*

Pope, a figure is cast headfirst into a pit containing hellish horrors deftly suggested by the not-black colours and bright, sun-like washes of the flames. The figure-eight shape of the composition imparts a kind of furious energy to the whole. In *Reveries on the Car*, with its soft rainbow hues, he translates the ethereal lightness of the early *Songs of Innocence* into a grand, mature vision of paradise as well as much of Blake, however, this work cannot be fully understood without an extensive footnote. In Blake's vision, *Reveries* represents not the true paradise, as Blake intended, but the false paradise of nature.

Blake was, as his friend Samuel Palmer recalled, "a firing squadman to Deists, and stood around him a kind of influence." That rare spirit continues to shine. —GILLIAN MACKEY

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## LIVING

## Clubland's ups and downs

High Park housewife Ann Campbell is just one of the average suburbanite supporters. "I'm dying for it. I can't wait and I will gladly pay my \$350 to have it back," she exclaims. The object of her affection is Toronto's foremost women's club, Twenty One McGill, which was destroyed by an accident on Nov. 12, 1980, and has since been almost completely rebuilt. The reopening was scheduled for last December, delayed until June, and postponed again to September. Then, members were notified via a literary invitation that the fashionable downtown health and social club would reopen on Dec. 15.

Paired by red tape and strikes that delayed construction, McGill owner Janet Beveridge arranged alternate facilities in an attempt to appease her affluent members. Rebuilding costs were

**This year dozens of big and small health clubs went out of business, angering thousands of loyal members**

estimated at more than \$6 million, and, as a result, membership fees have escalated from a prefire \$1,080 to \$3,500. And annual dues increased to \$150 from \$40.

The slightly restrained Twenty One McGill will be a cruise between an English country house and a French chateau school, complete with day care and a wide range of sports activities. It will also offer courses ranging from post-natal to stock portfolio management as well as the all-important opportunity to dine in style. "We think like this people will make sacrifices," says Beveridge. "It's an extraordinary fact that 1,500 members have already paid their dues. That's an awesome display of faith." Some of the faithful followed, however, and during the long McGill hiatus, joined the city-edged Greenwood Club—for a cool \$4,000 and \$450 annual dues—used by Thomson newspaper heiress Sherry Boyden.

But many less affluent, middle-income women are choosing to jolt a myriad of last year's fitness clubs. Yet, according to Paul Tye, president of the Toronto Better Business Bureau, fitness clubs are a "members' box," and the

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members of Twenty One McGill have escaped most of the problems that confront many consumers who simply want a coffee remedy for their ailments. anybody can visit the second floor of a building, call themselves a fitness whiz, and start selling memberships," says Tim, whose office receives several hundred inquiries and complaints about health clubs every week.

This year dozens of small health clubs went out of business in Toronto. The oldest of them, Vic Tanny's, closed all 11 of its Metro franchises, angering thousands of members who had signed contracts, sometimes for a lifetime, at as much as \$2,000 each. The Ontario consumer and commercial relations department has received 16,000 complaints from former members of the club throughout the province. Other, lower-profile, clubs have also been known to appear as new locations, sell memberships, and then move to less convenient and less luxurious premises.

Still, some of the smaller clubs are fastidious in their attention to professional detail. Kathleen Lawrence, manager of the Figure Design Studio in Mississauga, for one, has a nutritionist and an instructor trained in cardiopulmonary resuscitation (CPR) as staff. "We're not used-car salesman," she says, "but it is hard for honest people when there are so many others out there who are more interested in sales than in helping people get fit."

As a result of the controversies, many fitness-conscious people are turning up with the tried-and-trusted track, which has recently expanded its facilities to keep up with demand. So far this year, the counterpart, the YMCA, has signed up 1,800 women for fitness programs that cost an average of \$50 for 16 weeks. Instructors are well qualified, and there is virtually no possibility that the local "Y" will close its doors. "The difference is that we are not attempting to make a profit," explains Rita Moffa, director of community programs and services for the YMCA.

While Moffa eschews the stripped-down virtues of the "Y," she is also a card-carrying member of Twenty One McGill. But, unlike Ann Campbell, who cannot wait to pay her dues regardless of the cost, Moffa is upset about the 20-percent increase. "It's a lot more than inflation, and I will have to do a hard-core workout," she says. "I'm barely a consumer logic aside, Moffa is barely wanting the Dec. 15 opening: what she will finally be able to return to the club, clear swimming pool at Twenty One McGill. "It's going to be changed," she says. "Just at the opening I'll be there. It will be like Crockett's Runny Day sale. Everyone will want to get inside."

—MARILYN BULLTON  
in Toronto

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## Tales for the computer generation

Children's books may seem a bit of an anachronism in an age, when the computer literacy is the catchphrase on everybody's lips. Especially when getting kids home to watch television is a problem because the next-door neighbor has just bought a personal computer with optical videodisc software. Adults have been told that kids will thrive best on the window, that after the information revolution they will not be attracted to anything as old-fashioned as a book-object. But such future-think shouldn't scare anyone away from buying books for kids. They look in the artistry, the range of subjects explored, and the emotion touched in this current crop of Canadian children's books should reassure grown-ups that the new trend of literacy will never erode the old. Those who need what art gives are always going to ask for it—even if they are current champions at *Douglas King*.

Stories for young people, almost by definition, are about making searching for their place in the world—the shared interior journey of every teenager. To do this by Bruce Bayle (Douglas & McIntyre, \$5.95) reverses the usual pattern: chicken and narrator, Young Tommy, is a slow and loving teenager who helps a skeptical and misfit world find its feet. The world is the Georgian Hills north of Ottawa, dominated for Young Tommy and his dad by the mythically ugly bully Nerve Hughes. Nerve Hughes is so mean that after he eats his sister's dumplings she is in a farm accident he blames her for being in the way.

As Young Tommy and his dad head up to Shearwater, the news on the lips of every beverage room waiter and gas station attendant on the route is that Nerve Hughes has disappeared. The bully was told that there was something he could not beat—but he and his buddies himself went to die 13 months earlier. But Doyle has a cartoon way with humor that lets him get away with a plot packed with excess. It also lets him get away with his big themes of redemption, forgiveness and love. Young Tommy falls in love with Baby Brandy, the girl with the green eyes shaped like trillion petals—and the mourning arm. And, in the end, despite his own fear, he helps her find her terrible father and achieves a healing that has nothing to do with physical wounds.

Passion, by Allison Wright Joe Truss (Douglas & McIntyre, \$5.95), is a more typical children's novel. It's serene, saddled by her dreamy mother with the



Leslie Cleo's attitude: old-fashioned pleasures for computer-illiterate children

name Jeanne Marie Antoinette Skelton, is a classic main. She is the eldest and has to share all the chores of a rural household with too many kids and not enough money. Her silly aunt, her perversity, her cheap clothes and the fact that her surrogate motherhood leaves her little time to study all add up to constant frustration in school. The novel begins when Jeanne decides to run away to the woods, to escape from the spectre of failing Grade 6 and the noisy demands of home.

Truss is honest and good at creating the slowly dawning joy of the Skelton family—the contentment of the TV and the father's berry longing for the lone cowboy condition. She also takes great pains: Jeanne's little brother, Larry, so

reused that he cannot turn when he is in spirit, follows her sister into the woods, where, at the end of the story, she finds him in a state almost too pathetic for words. But Truss is trapped up by choosing the path that leads to a happy ending. Jeanne, while hiding out in an old coyote den, finds a patch of workable clay and discovers that she has "magic fingers"—she fashions toy clay models of wild creatures that turn out to be "art." She also discovers that she is not plain but beautiful. It is in the rare little girl who can be rescued from early reality by both fantasy and art. It is a shame that Truss attributes to the coyness of teenage fiction, in which loneliness transcends but never understood.

Bottom kids deserve to meet their own

special fate, and this year children's poet Sean is a happy has cooked up something just for them. *Stress Poems for Rotten Kids* (Black Moss, \$4.95). Humor lightning many of the poems—such as *Remains*, in which sheep, unsavory things tumble out of the cereal box like a cereals commercial gone berserk. But growing kids out of school and doubt a longer's eye. Threatened, frightened and poked by monsters, few of the children in the poems make it to a happy ending. Illustrated by Anthony LaRosa with undetectable blobs and creeping shadows, this book should bear a sticker on the cover: NO NOT READ ALONE.

Gender by far is a major children's book from Tandra called *Children's Book* (R195). It is a major book in that the illustrations by P.E.I. painter Lindee Child are going enough to spark overseas international sales and a first print run of 17,000—totally unorthodox for a Canadian children's book. The pictures alone are worth the price of admission: nostalgic, folk-art-inspired portraits of the changing, war-torn and cowering (shadows) like winter in an old-fashioned grey barn. No modern farm technology here.

As for story, there isn't one. Instead, big copy blocks relay caption-like information about each painting, here written in dots. How calves are raised, what animals are fed in winter, how rabbits pull fur off their own bellies to line their nesting boxes, how sheep are sheared. The typeface is odd and seems to emphasize fact. The result is an odd, documentary series of picture book that underplays its own lore.

The documentary touch seems popular at Tandra, favoring even its new version of the old standard, the alphabet book. In *A North in Alphabet* by Ted Harrison (R195), A is for amok and U is for places like Unashkled. But the trials of pronouncing the multiple names of the North are more than compensated for by the pleasures of Yukon pastures Harrison's boldly colored scenes. The whites and greys of snow and ice turned shades of electric blue. And with Harrison's knowledge of a child's life in the North evoked in every plate, there is a good chance that by the time children outgrow this book they will know much more about the world than the alphabet.

Author and illustrator Paul Sires has always walked a dangerous line in her books, relying on the sheer inventiveness of her story lines to rescue her from censure. When creative energy flags, cats will cut—and it does in Sires's new offering, *I'm Only Afraid of the Dark for Night* (Pittwater & Whitehead, \$12.95). This book belongs to the genre of children's literature that helps the little creatures overcome their fears

and proceed in spite of their inadequacies. The hero, Harold Tribune, is a young owl who lives with his mum and dad north of the Arctic Circle. When the sun goes down (a it does for most of the winter) Harold has to conquer the worst of childhood bogymen: the dark.

The outcome is a surely predictable, and dressing up the book with her usual whimsy bookends on Sires. Here, the elements of her style—the marginalia, visual jokes and consistently muffled voices by minor characters (such as the slugs that Harold and his friends want to make into sandwiches) seem to be single sides on Sires's part: doodles and undulating humor. The sort of puns that inspired laughter in previous books here cause groans. And delight has replaced the glens of grasper side left sitting.

Storyteller Robert Menach, on the other hand, has been improving back by back, and his latest, *Marmot, Marmot*, (Marmot, illustrated by Michael Martchenko (Black Press, \$5.95), is the best children's story of the year. For five-year-old Robert, the mystery of what babies come from is solved rather unexpectedly one day when he discovers a big hole in the middle of her snout.

Strange marmot-marmot noises come out of it. She reaches way down and gives a big yank, and out pops a round-bodied little pebble-equipped infant with his arms stretched out, all ready to be hugged. Babes seem to expect that sort of thing. But babies are not Robert's cup of tea, so she sets out to see if she can find someone to love this one. Many people, she discovers, have a baby allergy. Menach is brilliant at his 1988 update of the somewhat founding story. And his happy ending is happy in a totally unexpected way.

Red is Red, the first of Anick Press's new Tadder series (\$4.95), is a simple story with a straightforward reason for being: setting out red, green, yellow, blue, etc., so that any kid can successfully match his socks. But Kathy Stinson and artist Robert David Love have turned an old-fashioned task into pure entertainment by coming squarely down on the side of one color. "My mom doesn't understand about red," their little girl confides in the first line. But that she has the reds in her socks, she goes on, is perfectly irrational. This year's old-fashion to persuade on that her red ones keep her warmer, that her red ones better in red caps, and that red

Ted Harrison's *A North in Alphabet*: A is for amok, U is for Unashkled







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side ample opportunity for four-year-olds to join in. Raffi also has a serious side: *Big Beautiful Planet*, an original tune that ponders alternative energy sources, sounds like the ghost of a protest song.

Jerry Broday's *Carnaval* (Capetry/ICA) is in the same vein of 1960s-style liberalism. On the cover photo, he stands holding his guitar, surrounded by a multiracial children's chorus. Luckily, the contents are not as sick and ingratiating, and Broday turns out to be a pleasant, if unexceptional, interpreter of songs from many lands. However, this good-natured and competent performer is so similar to Raff that he may be redundant.

Winner of last year's Juno award for best children's record, Sandra Beech also poses with a miniature family of wax on the cover of *Smiling Snow*.



**(Anti/PolyGroom)** Some post-Frend/Jan parents may admire her for including three songs devoted to the marriage. All these numbers you will find/They're only in your mind/The same fun, and even their toddlers, may not be as pleased with the politically retrograde stereotype she reinforces as *My Mom*. *Nomads* are people who spend every day/Making us happy at home and at night.

Compared to many children's records that try to tread safe business with sober good intentions, the vulgar nonconformism of *The Smurf's Best Friends* (Polygram) is almost refreshing. Like Strawberry Shortcake, with its whimsical and slicker collections, the first two albums have become staples in children's music. On record they are high-priced self-pasteurizers, sometimes sounding like *The Chipmunks* and sometimes like *4264*. Cleverly up-to-date and diverse, they perform both *Dance with the Raging Smurf* and *Smurf Square Dance*. However, as irresistible as they are, the gummy melody and pop music of the Smurfs' second studio effort, the *Smurf-Along Smurf Picture Disc*, is, too, is perfect—as a piece of record-making.

—David Levine

## FILMS

## Haunted by history's darkest night

APPENDIX C (Cont.)

Directed by Alan J. Pakula

**M**eryl Streep's performance in *Sophie's Choice* as the beautiful Polish immigrant who has survived the death camps ranks among the greatest ever given by an actress on the screen. Acting of this kind—delicate, passionate, witty, chaotic, playful, intense, sensual, married to every passing moment—has never really been seen before in a single performance. Having taken us as much as *Smoke*,

ness are so short as to appear, almost at once, as a historical risk and descends into a maelstrom to find the darkest truths about being alive. There is a spooky madness in what she does when Sophie makes her harrowing escape at Auschwitz, her face contorts in a soulless rictus of fear, instead of the man holding his head together with his hands in Edward Munch's *The Scream*. During that brief sequence the soulless nightmarish of the Holocaust is penned like a butterfly on a wall, white wall, when time loses happenings, everything stops, so it doesn't hurt.

The director, Alan P. Pakula, who also coproduced the film and adapted it from William Styron's best-selling novel, centres Sargis's character on the author's own life. As the psychiatrist's wife, she is clearly not the patient's mother, but, in a young writer from the South named Strage (Peter MacNiece), the reflective voice of Styron himself, is the positive storyteller of Sargis's world. For her story is a more intimate, less distant, than the novel's, clothed, crassly cut from our century's history. Knowing that Pakula has avoided the grandstanding of modern film-making in favour of an almost unobtrusively emotional approach, though there is a strong sense of the director's presence in *Shogun* and an unrelenting work in *Park*, Pakula (*Shogun*, *All the President's Men*) must have decided that, for once, a major literary work should be more deeply felt than scrutinised. He treated his actors and Styron's writing. The ensuing literary Pakula creates with the actress, who is clearly not the author, a choice of the best film of the year.

With her charming, sometimes hilarious Polish accent ("Things, you want to

come up and have a night-out with me"). Streep's Sophie consistently apologizes for living her "wild" and the "safety" of the United States have given the postwar refugee little comfort. There is a marvelous scene in which she recounts meeting her lover, Nathan (Kevin Kline)—the "utterly, totally glamorous" Nathan, with his ignominious of jealousy and forgiving largesse of spirit. Anemic, her eyes sink into her head, weeping vertiginously. Sophie asks a Brooklyn librarian where to find



Sineap, Aline: a performance of the highest achievement, with the reach of great music.

the post "Emile Dickens," meaning Emily Dickinson, rebuffed, she smiles in embarrassment and faints dead away. She wakes up to find an extravagantly handsome Jewish man cradling her.

Often so tactically confined, the film is not always irreversibly serious. At first, the dynamics of the friendship of Sophie, Wings and Nathan are utterly charming. There is an enormous generosity of tone and spirit when Nathan brings Sophie and the aspiring writer out to Brooklyn Bridge and tucks the writers of the United States. The same warmth is present when Nathan conducts Beethoven's mass coming over the radio. As multiple reflections caught in the windows of the Brooklyn boarding house that the three share, and an interstate in which Wings and

tempt to quash his carnal frustrations with a Jewish princess named Laiba Lapodas (Greta Turen). who has discovered analysis and D H Lawrence, is welcome comic relief from the growing tensions of the triangle.

But the audience is inexorably led back to the long, dark night where the smell of dismemberment and decaying flesh reigns supreme. As Sophie recounts the first part of her story to the wide-eyed Stings, she tells how she felt betrayed by God. In this extended scene—aw-

seriously sustained only by Streep's duct and the camera—fit in so that the actress has first credited the viewer's head in her lap, then smooched a square inch. As she cooings up memories of her mother, Streep's face is so tender, so color that by cinematographer Nestor Almendrez, and perhaps the only sequence (overstating it's welcome) the previous cadences of emotion subside into cries as Sophie tries to save herself and her child. This is a performance of a kind that has been rare in the history of great music. It also recalls similar accomplishments in *Woe*, *Greedy's* heroine, *Falsetto* in *The Passion of Joan of Arc*, elements of Anne Magnani and some of the early Ingrid Bergman. Streep's performance is so stirring and so moving that it is almost as if Streep's portrait disappeared and she came into another land. —Lorraine O'Grady

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**Abstract** The purpose of this study was to determine the effect of a 12-week training program on the physical fitness of 10-year-old children. The study was conducted in a primary school in Istanbul, Turkey. The children were divided into two groups: a control group and an experimental group. The experimental group participated in a 12-week training program that included aerobic, strength, and flexibility exercises. The control group did not participate in any training program. Physical fitness was measured at the beginning and end of the 12-week period using a series of tests including a 100m sprint, 200m sprint, 400m sprint, 800m sprint, 1600m sprint, 3200m sprint, 6400m sprint, 12800m sprint, 25600m sprint, 51200m sprint, 102400m sprint, 204800m sprint, 409600m sprint, 819200m sprint, 1638400m sprint, 3276800m sprint, 6553600m sprint, 13107200m sprint, 26214400m sprint, 52428800m sprint, 104857600m sprint, 209715200m sprint, 419430400m sprint, 838860800m sprint, 1677721600m sprint, 3355443200m sprint, 6710886400m sprint, 13421772800m sprint, 26843545600m sprint, 53687091200m sprint, 107374182400m sprint, 214748364800m sprint, 429496729600m sprint, 858993459200m sprint, 1717986918400m sprint, 3435973836800m sprint, 6871947673600m sprint, 13743895347200m sprint, 27487790694400m sprint, 54975581388800m sprint, 109951162777600m sprint, 219902325555200m sprint, 439804651110400m sprint, 879609302220800m sprint, 1759218604441600m sprint, 3518437208883200m sprint, 7036874417766400m sprint, 14073748835532800m sprint, 28147497671065600m sprint, 56294995342131200m sprint, 112589990684262400m sprint, 225179981368524800m sprint, 450359962737049600m sprint, 900719925474099200m sprint, 1801439850948198400m sprint, 3602879701896396800m sprint, 7205759403792793600m sprint, 14411518807585587200m sprint, 28823037615171174400m sprint, 57646075230342348800m sprint, 115292150460684697600m sprint, 230584300921369395200m sprint, 461168601842738790400m sprint, 922337203685477580800m sprint, 1844674407370955161600m sprint, 3689348814741910323200m sprint, 7378697629483820646400m sprint, 14757395258967641292800m sprint, 29514790517935282585600m sprint, 59029581035870565171200m sprint, 118059162071741130342400m sprint, 236118324143482260684800m sprint, 472236648286964521369600m sprint, 944473296573929042739200m sprint, 1888946593147858085478400m sprint, 3777893186295716170956800m sprint, 7555786372591432341913600m sprint, 15111572745182864683827200m sprint, 30223145490365729367654400m sprint, 60446290980731458735308800m sprint, 120892581961462917470617600m sprint, 241785163922925834941235200m sprint, 483570327845851669882470400m sprint, 967140655691703339764940800m sprint, 1934281311383406679529881600m sprint, 3868562622766813359059763200m sprint, 7737125245533626718119526400m sprint, 15474250491067253436239052800m sprint, 30948500982134506872478105600m sprint, 61897001964269013744956211200m sprint, 123794003928538027489912422400m sprint, 247588007857076054979824844800m sprint, 495176015714152109959649689600m sprint, 990352031428304219919299379200m sprint, 1980704062856608439838598758400m sprint, 3961408125713216879677197516800m sprint, 7922816251426433759354395033600m sprint, 15845632502852867518708790067200m sprint, 31691265005705735037417580134400m sprint, 63382530011411470074835160268800m sprint, 126765060022822940149670320537600m sprint, 253530120045645880299340641075200m sprint, 507060240091291760598681282150400m sprint, 1014120480182583521197362564300800m sprint, 2028240960365167042394725128601600m sprint, 4056481920730334084789450257203200m sprint, 8112963841460668169578900514406400m sprint, 16225927682921336339157801028812800m sprint, 32451855365842672678315602057625600m sprint, 64903710731685345356631204115251200m sprint, 129807421463370690713262408230502400m sprint, 259614842926741381426524816461004800m sprint, 519229685853482762853049632922009600m sprint, 1038459371706965525706099265844019200m sprint, 2076918743413931051412198531688038400m sprint, 4153837486827862102824397063376076800m sprint, 8307674973655724205648794126752153600m sprint, 16615349947311448411297588253504307200m sprint, 33230699894622896822595176507008614400m sprint, 66461399789245793645190353014017228800m sprint, 132922799578491587290380706028034457600m sprint, 265845599156983174580761412056068915200m sprint, 531691198313966349161522824112137830400m sprint, 1063382396627932698323045648224275660800m sprint, 2126764793255865396646091296448551321600m sprint, 4253529586511730793292182592897102643200m sprint, 8507059173023461586584365185794205286400m sprint, 17014118346046923173168730371588410572800m sprint, 34028236692093846346337460743176821145600m sprint, 68056473384187692692674921486353642291200m sprint, 136112946768375385385349842972707284582400m sprint, 272225893536750770770699685945414569164800m sprint, 544451787073501541541399371890829138329600m sprint, 1088903574147003083082798743781658276659200m sprint, 2177807148294006166165597487563316553318400m sprint, 4355614296588012332331194975126633106636800m sprint, 8711228593176024664662389950253266213273600m sprint, 17422457186352049329324779900506532426547200m sprint, 34844914372704098658649559801013064853094400m sprint, 69689828745408197317299119602026129706188800m sprint, 139379657490816394634598239204052259412377600m sprint, 278759314981632789269196478408104518824755200m sprint, 5575186299632655785383929568162090



*Anten (left) and Medusae: embedded by a thin film of solidified wax*

## Birds of a synthetic feather

**BY DESIGN**  
Directed by Claude Jutra

Once again, director Claude Jutra (*Max Gaudin Arrière, Kamouraska*) has assembled quite a cast, featuring the unflinching in *My Dreams* two women who love each other and in *Love Is a Baby* Helen (Patty Duke Actin) and Angèle (Julia Barette), live together in Vancouver and run their own fashion business. After rejecting adoption and fertility clinics, the couple set off on a cold-blooded sperm safari to find a co-operative man. This little bit of social anthropology is not the main stuff of light, romantic Canadian, but, by itself, a very good graders and general award. Like a bald man in a wig, Jutra does his best to keep us surprised and amused.

However, there are more surprises than are strictly necessary. Unlike most movies, *By Design* displays good manners toward the women and struts taste in nearly everything else. The tone of the movie oscillates between a light, sophisticated love story and one of those witty, irritating sex romps in which people end up in the wrong bed. The clothes—a minor element in a film about the fashion business—are supposed to have fancy fashion integrity ("If it means working in syntexes," Angie tells one manufacturer, "we're out"), but the wardrobe is light as a feather, and even the most important get-ups they have to wear in *By Design*.

The man, too, are faintly synthetic.

with pale, sunken-out cheeks and a cheerful willingness to be exploited. Soon their chosen stud, Terry, a brown-skinned photographer (played with customary zeal by Seal's Mubetse), ends up as just one of the girls, rushing to their beds when the lady is due and holding down the fort at work. While the film's explicit reproductive agenda is obvious, it's also a little more than a dirty work Terry, Angie packs a homey, young Swede is an underground parking lot (another faux gas—most women in that situation would run screaming for the exit). She beds him, and then that's not for Sven. While it is a nice idea that all the sex rules in *Ryū* Design are drawn to smithereens, some, some of the film's more explicit, a little revolting around reproduction ought to have a hint of the comic.

Bauchstein is replaced by warmth, all of which is directed toward the two women. That unflattering sensitivity may be part of the problem: a sort of Freudian shield protects Helen and Angie from the truth about the men. In the end, the women are left exposed to sitcom laughs. In fact, there is such a grown-up avoidance of lechdom in *My Dream* that it may be time for Mel Brooks to make a tasteless movie on the subject. As in *Person to Person*, Jaffe's well-meant attempt to make a serious film about the ruin the relationship of men and women. To handle the women with kid gloves while exposing the characters around them to laughter based on all the old stereotypes, is, despite the best of intentions, a form of special treatment that runs counter to the rubric of the comedy.

—MARC JACKSON

—MARIE JACKSON

## Some talk on the wild side

440

Directed by Walter Hill

**W**ater Hill makes fast, violent action pictures (*The Warriors*, *The Long Riders*) that have an intense natural gleam and excitement. In *LA NUIS*, he takes down-to-earth San Francisco locations and breathes new life into them. He takes the cliché of police reinforcements and the old-couple pairing of a cop and a con-man and turns them, too, into something fresh. But Hill would not have been able to pull all his rabbits out of his hat without the actors playing the cop (Nick Nolte) and the con (Eddie Murphy, from TV's *Donaghy*). —*Nicole Loria*

Nacho's Jack Cates is a wonderfully slabby creation; he probably came out of his mother's womb with his moustache dimpled. His beat-up, sky-blue Cadillac convertible is the perfect vehicle for him, and he drives it like a lunatic, his clothes are a form of fashion graffiti. Cates is driven and grumpy, always at the edge of exhaustion, ready to topple over at a moment's notice. A loner who refuses to work with a partner, he is in the bad books of both the department and his girlfriend (Agnate CPTool).

The cop meets his match—and his opposite—is Eddie Murphy's Reggie Hammond, whom he sprays for 48 hours to nab two former gang members on a killing spree. After 2½ years in prison, Reggie has mellowed but lost none of his sass. Eddie Murphy's explosives (48 Hour is one of the most gleefully foul-mouthed movies ever made) have the same resonance as Richard Pryor's, yet the two comedians are distinct. When Murphy walks into a country and western disco and berates the clientele, he stars in character; Pryor

Murphy, a totally assured participant,



would have fashioned a routine out of it. In his supercool 2000 suit, daddy-lauged-upon Murphy can be funny simply by standing next to the broad-beamed Mole. And, while *It's A Wonderful Life* is rough and tough, it is flecked with the most unexpected grace notes. Walter Hill's starchy camera keep finding some eerily beautiful compositions. Even the rhythms of all the dirty talk begin to fall in the ears with musical cadence.

The movie drives over more than a few potholes. Some of the texture and plotting demands that the audience turn a blind eye; there is not one home-

sexual in sight is San Francisco, for example, and stolen money is left in a car in a parking garage for 2½ years. Nolte's relationship with Annette O'Toole is not developed, and Nolte himself is not always sure how to give the right inflection to a line. As enjoyable as his performance is, it seems somewhat experimental and does not have the same total surrender as Eddie Murphy's Murphy, the hottest black star since Pryor, delivers every word with a curve. His patter becomes a new kind of blues—the fascinating rhetoric of *Stitch*.

-LOT

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# The nearsighted Tory Incarnate

By Allan Fotheringham

A person who is not in favor of euthanasia, and gap harvesting are being asked to Girl Guides can only weep. One who supports blood drives, endangered species and mother's milk has nothing else to do but put one's hand down in respect. That is if one has a swift reflexes of a Conservative government—as the only chance of democracy being revived in this contaminated nation—can only watch and snore our news is a sign. The Tories, the dear, kind, nearsighted Tories, continue to do it to those.

When we speak of their proud boasting about a survey of their membership which indicates, and to tell, the exact reasons why they have been out of power since a 60 of the past 80 years in the country.

Why anyone would publish an autopsy—giving all we have supported about the Progressive Conservative Party—is a mystery. If the Liberals had this evidence, they would broadcast it on billboards with their liberal slush funds. The Progressive Party would send it abroad in newsletters. Why the Tories would willingly permit public consumption of the available proof that they are so, um, Tory, will forever remain a puzzle.

The evidence in question is contained in questionnaires sent to the 600 delegates who attended the party's policy convention in Toronto in the spring. A good 66 per cent of delegates filed in the questionnaire, which means it is a accurate portrait of the party regulars. What they show is not just depressing, it is the proof, hand-writ, why the Conservatives are in danger of blowing the large lead they have in the public opinion polls. It is evidence of a party with hardening of the centre scenario. The typical Conservative convention delegate, it turns out, is a male between the ages of 46 and 56, who comes from Ontario and is basically against most of the advances of mankind since the children were released from the internets.

What the survey proves, of course, is what you see every day sitting in the *Alton Fotheringham* is a columnist for Southern News.

press gallery as you look down upon the blue serge and grey, mistletoe of the Tory back benches. The minds are as grey as the windshield. We have one Gordon Taylor, a rock-ribbed Neanderthal from Bow River, Alta., who recently remarked in the Commons that Minister Mousher Judy Kruta had a nice body, but views too hard in was attached to her mouth. The Gordon Taylor mind, and the Gordon Taylor mouth, are reflected in this survey. It reveals that for average Tory delegate sees no need for better job opportunities for women or minority groups. There are just three



women among the 161 men in the party that, by all odds, should form the next government of the day. They publish any more surveys, the smallest percentage in the three parties. There are no blacks in the Tory caucus, no Chinese, no native people. Basically nothing but blue serge and double-breasted suits, with services from the Gordon Taylor branch of the party which are purchased in wallpaper stores.

Tory Incarnate, according to the survey, wants Ottawa to cut spending on day care, unemployment insurance, family allowances and job creation programs. It is. He wants the government, naturally, to reduce taxes on companies. It is a great surprise, of course, that it has been discovered that there has been a recent influx of Arway distributors into southern Ontario riding as Conservative constituencies select delegates for the annual Tory convention in Winnipeg at the end of January. Arway, as we know, is the U.S.-based flogger of soap and cosmetics that fea-

tures its top U.S. executives, our own corporate version of fresh designers, who refuse to appear in Canada to face court charges that they bribed Ottawa of \$25 million through dirty dealings. There are 100,000 Arway distributors in Canada, a "reformer," as Conservative MP Scott Power, chairman of the credentials committee for the 15th of January, so helplessly calls it.

This is the frustration of Ottawa. It is run by a government that goes beyond the dictionary definition of arrogance, that is so contemptuous of the public, the press and thereby the whole political process that it deserves to be sent into oblivion for a good decade while it cleanses itself, like a dog with a terminal case of fleas. If you believe in our system, you have to believe in the healthy exchange of power between opposing parties—as in Britain, for example. The reason so many people, young people in particular, are so cynical and despairing about the political system in this country is that one party is almost always in power, in control of all the levers of patronage, rewards and punishment, business for backs and loaves. Anyone with any sense of fair play wants the Tories to have their turn, their chance to appoint their backs and loaves for a change, a move that would bring an entirely new brand of applicants into the staid, moldy Ottawa structure.

Instead? Instead, we have an Opposition party whose party regulars, wearing the delegates at the party's policy convention at the Bayline Hotel in Toronto last May, are proven to be retarded in their social conscience. They are, by their own words in this survey, against increased spending on hospital care, medicine, post-secondary education and the poor. They are led by a man who seems fairly certain to get a sitting ovation in Winnipeg and to be confirmed unambiguously, who really does not stand for anything, has never convinced the Canadian public that he has strong views on anything. We would like to cheer for a Tory victory, but they really do make it difficult for us. Why do they publish evidence of their own ineptitude?





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